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AFTER ALL.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind at twilight,
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
"The end no man can see:
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty.
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman,
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner,
Ticks on with a steady drone.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER V.

The forged note—"Bed too large for one"—Oliver Dalton—His idea of the forged paper—A trap—Clifford's rendezvous in Anthony street—Bob's threat—Particulars of the fighting-ground—Dalton and the two girls waylaid—Lilly seized and conveyed to Mercer street—Hettie Fletcher at the station house—"Sally Dusenbury"—Clifford an informer.

When Lilly Salome and her companion in breeches, Hettie Fletcher, arrived at their residence or retreat in Bleecker street, which, by-the-way, was nothing more than "two furnished apartments" in a house superintended by a foreign lady, for the especial accommodation of "young ladies," or, "a gentleman and his wife," who loved retirement, free from the petty annoyances and strict surveillance too common in boarding houses of another but more moral character, they were a little surprised to find that a note had been left them by a gentleman.

Breaking the seal, Lilly read aloud to Hettie as follows:

"Please meet the undersigned, in your disguise, at the corner of Spring street and Broadway, by half-past three o'clock in the morning. OLIVER DALTON."

"Why, that's the same gentleman," said Lilly, "that assisted me out of the scrape with Clifford, at Crisp's. What the deuce does he want with us?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," replied Hettie; "he's such a reserved man, that when I attempted to pump him, he sung dry, and seemed as if my conversation bored him."

"And how he moralized on my total depravity, as he called it," added Lilly, "the other evening, when I informed him that my bed was constructed too large for one person to occupy—"

"Just as if there existed no virtue in petticoats," put in Hettie, turning up her pretty nose with affected disgust. "You know he asserted as much."

"You gave him reason to make the assertion."

"Me?"

"You needn't look stiff about it, for you did. You remarked that the bed often held three, and hopped into it as if—"

"Well, I declare."

A loud rap at the chamber door interrupted Hettie, or, doubtless, a wooling match would have ensued, as the women were growing furious over the matter.

"Well, what's wanted?" Lilly inquired.

"A gentleman at the door wishes to see you. Shall I admit him?"

It was a servant man that spoke.

"Did he refuse to send up his address?"

"Yes."

"Send him up," commanded Hettie; "let's take a look at him."

"Yes, send him up," said Lilly.

"But—" and the man hesitated.

"But! but what?"

"Them 'ere togs are'nt—"

"None of yours, Mr. Impudence. Send the gentleman up stairs. We are as good in breeches as in flounces."

The man obeyed, and presently returned with the visitor, and left him at the door.

"Why, Mr. Dalton, we were wondering who our visitor at this hour could be. We have had a note from you."

"From me? I think you are mistaken. I sent you no note," replied Mr. Dalton, seating himself in a chair.

"Here's the document," responded Lilly, producing the note. "That's your handwriting, Mr. Dalton, is it not?"

"Never saw the paper before. It is a forgery."

"What!" exclaimed both girls.

"An imposition. That writing is too fine in the lines to compare with my style;" and seizing a pen that was at hand with other writing materials, he dashed his name across the reverse side of the note.

"See the difference? My signature is bold and heavy, bearing evidence of a rapid sweep of the pen—"

"And as if traced with a ramrod," said Hettie, laughing.

"The simile is clever, Miss Fletcher."

"What can it all mean?" inquired Lilly, who began to see through a mill stone.

"It bodes something wrong. Have you any suspicion?"

"None whatever. It seems as if some busy-body wants to hoax us by getting us to trot down Broadway at an early hour."

"More than that, I presume," replied Mr. Dalton, shaking his head ominously. "I think it a part of a trap."

"A trap!" echoed the girls, in alarm.

"Some one intends to fish up one of you."

"Then we must bite," said Lilly, promptly.

"You had better not," Mr. Dalton advised. "There may be more in this than we can imagine."

Lilly was an impulsive female; her blood was up, and in language quite forcible she asseverated her threat or promise to follow the directions contained in the mysterious note; and Mr. Dalton, cognizant of the very important fact that when a woman will, she will, but when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't, urged her to forbear no more, but with true gallantry offered his guardianship, which was accepted in the same spirit that it was tendered.

To pass the intervening hours as pleasantly as possible.—it was now one o'clock—wine, with segars and refreshments, were brought in, and leaving them to revel in their feasts, we will turn to Bob Clifford, and observe his movements.

* * * * * * * * *

Clifford was a man of little or no conscientious scruples; having, from his youth, been schooled to infamy and crime. Notwithstanding his career as a bad man, Bob was possessed of more than a common education, and could, when circumstances demanded, play the gentleman as well as the loafer.

His gang was composed of the riff-raff of society, picked up about the lowest haunts of the city, and as they were all bound to serve him by an oath, he was a sort of a despot among them, whose every word was law.

Their rendezvous was in Anthony street, then one of the most dangerous thoroughfares in the city for a man to travel in at night. At the same hour that Mr. Dalton and the two girls were in conclave over the mysterious note, Bob and two of his gang were seated at a table in a room of the old building of their retreat, with a bottle of Williamsburg brandy before them, discussing the same subject.

"If the girl is tempted to obey the invitation," said one of the fellows, "it's all right. We can secure her."

"There is only one chance against us," replied Clifford, and that is, a knowledge of Dalton's handwriting; if she knows his signature, she'll smell a mice," and Bob assisted himself to some of the dyed spirits. "But I have no fear of that," he continued. "She has had but a brief acquaintance with that man, and the trick will work; and damn her, when I get her into my power, she'll curse the hour she fell afoul of Bob Clifford."

"And me, too," said one of the party, punishing a quantity of the liquid. "I'd like to slit her wesand;" and the fellow drew the back of a knife across his throat.

"No!" exclaimed Bob. "I have a worse fate than that reserved for Lilly Salome; her death would be a mercy compared with the act of vengeance I have prepared;" and Bob grated his teeth in anger. "You remember Madame Cabet, the procuress of Mercer street?"

They answered in the affirmative.

"Well, she is in the ring. Salome foiled her once in a game, and set the officers on her track, for which Madame paid one thousand dollars to avoid the jug, and now she will be quits with her. Oh! a rare old time there'll be in the 'Silver Chamber,' between this hour and daylight, if my pretty bird takes the bait."

"And you will be avenged, Bob, eh?"

"Terribly so; and now, as we have but a few hours for sleep, start yourselves to your bunks. I will remain here, as I expect a visitor."

Taking each a swallow more from the bottle, the two men ascended a rickety stairway, and disappeared through a door leading to the bunk room, where reposed several of the gang, such as were not employed on a "lay."

When Bob was alone, he looked at his watch, and muttering something about tardiness in others, he brought from his pocket a copy of a daily paper to examine the hotel arrivals.

In the Astor House list there was a name that struck him as familiar.

"James Oliphant and lady, from Richmond, Va.," he muttered. "That's a name, when once heard, is not easily forgotten. James Oliphant!" and he began to muse. "Why, let me see. Dick Foxwell should remember that title. I must call on him to-morrow. The presence of this man will be an additional lift to our exchequer."

A little bell in a high corner of the room warned the approach of some one outside.

"That's my man," said Bob, going to the street door.

"Understand me?" said Bob, putting his lips to the key-hole.

"On the walk," replied a coarse voice outside.

"Walk in?"

"Domino."

The door was opened, and a huge, rough-looking man entered the passageway.

"Did you learn particulars, Ned?"

"They meet at Pop Collins' Hotel."

"What, at Bull's Head Ferry?"

"Yes, rather near at home."

"What hour do they pitch the ring?"

"Before daylight, but enter the ring at five."

"Good; there's a five for your trouble; now go back. Stay a moment. Should I not show at daylight, or, be not around during the morning, call on Dick Foxwell, and tell him to look over the list of hotel arrivals in this paper."

"All right, Bob, but what's the hour? I'm plaguey sleepy."

"It's past two," replied Clifford, as he hurried the man up the stairs.

At the appointed hour Bob awoke his two men, who, prompt to their leader's call, announced themselves in a few minutes ready to follow him.

It was not Clifford's intention to show himself to Lilly, should she obey the instructions of his missive, so in their journey to Broadway he walked a short distance in the rear of his menials.

As they reached the corner of Spring street, the clatter of feet was heard, indicative of individuals coming down Broadway. To avoid being seen, the two ruffians hid themselves in a doorway, and silently awaited the approach of the pedestrians, while Bob stationed himself at the corner of Spring and Mercer streets.

The two men were not long in waiting when Mr. Dalton and the two girls came up, and halted beneath the gaslight.

"I'll bet it's a hoax, after all!" ejaculated Lilly, "for it's past the hour of appointment."

"Yes," said Mr. Dalton, shading his eyes with his hand, while examining his time-piece. "It's just twenty minutes to fo—"

A blow of a club, wielded behind by one of the villains laying in ambush for the trio, cut brief his words, and Dalton fell to the walk, bleeding and insensible.

Upon perceiving the two men, Hettie, uttering a faint scream, turned and fled up Broadway, and as she reached the second corner above, ran right into the arms of a policeman, who, being rather a sharp-sighted fellow, detected her sex in a moment, and, regardless of her expostulations, conveyed her to the station house.

Upon the impulse of the moment, Lilly's first thought was to stand; but seeing Hettie doing leg duty, her second thought was to follow suit; but, attempting to go, she was headed off by one of the men, and forced to make for Mercer street. With wonderful speed she fled along the walk, and as she reached the corner, Bob, who was in wait for her, reached out his hand to check her progress, but missing the catch, quickly put out his foot, and tripping Lilly, she stumbled headlong, with such violence that the concussion of her head against the flagging of the crossing rendered her totally insensible.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Bob, "your hand lost that time," my angel;" and as he bent his back to raise her in his arms, a star of the night approached.

"Hello, Bob! that you?" cried the policeman, whose manner seemed quite familiar with Clifford.

"Nobody else," answered Bob; "here's a nice go."

"More greens in the pot, eh?"

"A friend of mine from the country, that's all," said Bob, lowering the girl's body to the walk. "There was a muss up the street, and getting alarmed, he ran away, and I after him. He stumbled here and fell, stunning himself. Let's bear him into Cabet's house."

"Yer ain't a stringin' me, are yer, Bob?"

"Nonsense, Finley, don't my words ring as good as gold?" and as Bob spoke he placed a gold piece in the palm of the officer.

The two men bore the body of the unfortunate Lilly to the door of Madame Cabet's establishment, which was almost opposite, in Mercer street. This being done, the officer walked away.

Ringing the bell, a veteran darkey female responded to the summons through a miniature panel in the top centre of the door.

"Whose dar?" interrogated the African maid, with a dignity peculiar to the elevated "moke," when addressing "white trash."

"The same man," whispered Clifford.

"Den go for to cum."

"After you," whispered Bob again, and the door was immediately opened to the password.

It was but the task of a moment to bear the insensible girl into the house. Clifford had his bird safely caged.

When Hettie arrived at the station house with her captor, she was catechised by a bald headed functionary, who was seated in a high chair at a desk behind a railing.

"What's your name?" gruffly inquired the officer.

"Can't say," replied Hettie.

"We must have your name," thundered the dignitary, enraged at what he supposed to be Hettie's obstinacy and defiance of law.

"I don't desire my name to be recorded in the papers," said Lilly, preserving her equanimity, adding, "I'm from the country."

"We'll see about that, my beauty," replied the man. "We can't tolerate young country girls who visit our city on a 'tear' in breeches. No; and your name we must have, if we have to squeeze it from you. Now tell me your name," and the officer peeped from under his spectacles as if expecting an answer. Hettie, with an idea of throwing the man off his guard, hesitated, seeing which, he continued. "That's a good girl, give us your name, and we will have you returned to your home."

"Well, you won't put it in the newspapers, will you?" said Hettie.

"Not by any manner of means."

"Well, my name is Sally Dusenbury."

"Sally Dusenbury," repeated the officer, as he entered the name in a book of records. "You mean Sarah, eh?"

"They call me Sally at home, down to Sackeram."

"That's it," broke in the officer, "Sackeram. What State?"

"State of Maine, of course," answered Hettie. "Aroostook County."

"You are a wonderful good girl. Catchem, telegraph particulars of this case to the authorities of Sackeram, and report with an answer as soon as possible," and the officer placed a document in the possession of Catchem, who had to travel down town to reach a telegraph station.

After giving full vent to his "outraged feelings," in the way of a severe reprimand to Hettie on the immorality and imprudence combined in assuming the clothes of his sex, the bald headed guardian of law and order had her conveyed to the Captain's private room, or office, there to await the course of events.

Hettie was not long a prisoner when Bob Clifford made his appearance at the station. His errand was to inform the police of the fact of a prize-fight going to take place that morning.

Making known his business, he speedily imparted full particulars to the man behind the railing, for it was his design to break up the fight if possible, as he hated Moreton for the part that Lilly Salome had taken in his behalf.

Hettie knew his voice, and as the door of the room in which she was placed was half open, she listened, as only a woman can listen, and overheard every word the sneaking villain uttered.

Before Clifford left, he enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding a posse of police start out, armed with revolvers and clubs, for the foot of Hammond street, to arrest proceedings at the fighting ground.

Perceiving Hettie in the room, he recognized her, but evinced no alarm at the discovery, and turning away, a new thought entered his head. Muttering curses of deep hatred and maledictions upon Moreton and all who rowed in the same boat with him, he withdrew from the station house, to return to Lilly Salome, whom he confided to the tender mercies of Madame Cabet, Lilly's most dreaded and wicked enemy.

CHAPTER VI.

The Prize Fight—Arrest of the Pugilists—Big Mike and Jack Moreton—Madame Cabet's—The Silver Chamber—Lilly Salome and the Procuress—The knife—Clifford and his victim—A Dark Deed.

In this narrative it is not our purpose to dwell upon the fight that "eventuated" between Moreton and Kernan, as nothing occurred worthy of mention, further than that the police appeared on the scene, just as the combatants, "all hot and bleeding," were about to open the tenth round, and in the confusion that followed, Jack and his opponent were made prisoners and hustled to the boat before a rally could be made for their rescue by their respective partizans. The pistols of the "beaks" were potent in keeping the musclemen at bay.

As the prisoners walked into the station house, the bells of the city chimed seven o'clock. The captain of the ward was at his post. By his side sat an Alderman, who was there to examine such cases as were up for committal or otherwise. The first called up were the two gladiators. Upon a thorough investigation, the Alderman, who was rather inclined to be a sport himself, decided that the arrest was an illegal one, basing his argument on the fact that the municipal laws of New York city did not extend to the opposite side of the river; consequently, he ordered the immediate discharge of the prisoners. The police were not to blame in making the arrest, but the bald-headed chap came in for a sound berating for his over zealous measures in exceeding the jurisdictive laws of Gotham. This was at a period before it was rendered a breach of law to leave the State for the purpose of participating in a prize-fight.

There existed but little evidence of each others handiwork on the faces of the two pugilists, as they had not got well in to work before the arrest. Their manner of leave was surprising to some of the stars.

"Can it be possible," cried a great, corpulent policeman, "that two human beings, who fight as we saw them two men fight, can make friends so easy? Blast my buttons if they aint shaking hands on the corner! Well, well, if that's a principal in prize-fighting, knock my old head to pieces if it aint a rebuke to some pulpit thumpers I know of," and the officer, to this complimentary ebullition on ring matters, gave additional force by jocosely punching a brother policeman in the ribs, too painful to the recipient to be repeated.

As the star remarked, Jack and Bill Kernan exchanged civilities on the corner, and separated.

Hasty's house was Moreton's destination. Arriving there, the first to speak with him was "Big Mike," who stood wildly gazing at our little 'un, as he entered the door.

"Who won?" asked Mike with a doleful accent, for he imagined the worst, seeing Jack alone.

"I didn't lose," replied Jack.

"If ye didn't lose, may I ax who did?"

"Neither," responded Moreton, "the police interfered."

"Bad cess to them—an' how was that?"

Moreton furnished him with a full detail of what happened, and when he concluded, Mike essayed the remark:—

"The divil a much better luck yez could have, anyway, to go an' fight as ye did wid money not your own. Faith an it's little good the wimen done ye."

"Salome acted in good faith," replied Moreton.

"Faith she did. Signs by the luck that kem to ye. Begorra, ye ought to marry one ov thim."

To humor the Irishman, Jack replied that he would do so, and hinted that Mike should follow his example.

"Is it me, to marry one of thim heifers? To the divil's cow-house I'd pitch thim, afore I'd turn a quilt wid 'em."

A little chaffing followed Mike's invective, but it amounted to nothing, and having some "pale ale" placed on a table before them, they both drank, passing the moments as lightly as possible, until the return of the stragglers, who dropped in, one by one, Blake being the last to report himself safe.

Holding a pow-wow for over an hour, each man detailing his annoyances in getting through Jersey soil, they finally wound up with a guessing match as to who could have betrayed their movements, but no one could they charge, so secret were they in every preparation made, to have the fight proceed without magisterial interference.

Fatigued and sore, each man sought his home to gain repose, with the understanding to be ready at the referee's call, should he decide for the contest to be resumed next day; also to meet that evening by nine o'clock, at a sporting house of some celebrity in Division street.

Leaving our heroes snug in their blankets, indulging in the phantasies of the Land of Nod, we will seek Lilly Salome at the house of Madame Cabet.

* * * * * * * * *

Beneath Madame Cabet's roof, were sheltered the vilest of the vile, of both sexes, its principal support and maintenance being derived by the black mailing of hoary headed rascals, who, by their machinations and power of wealth, inveigled pretty and unsuspecting females—generally shop-girls—to the den, and deprived them, perforce, of that gem which, once lost, no tears can reclaim.

The interior of the building was superbly decorated with costly furniture and richly plated mirrors, rented monthly, as is often the case with such places. Paintings, of libidinous designs, hung about the chamber walls, calculated to corrupt the purest mind at sight, the subjects being groups of nude figures of the sexes, arranged as only a debased "French Artist" can only conceive or paint.

On the third or top floor, was kept an apartment exclusively for violating female virtue by brutal force, when gentle persuasion failed in its object. This apartment measured about ten feet square, and was carpeted. The walls were clad with mirror glass, as was the ceiling, which gave to the room a unique appearance, and was known in the establishment as the "Glass Case, or the Silver Chamber."

In the centre of the room, on the floor, was a crimson velvet covered mattrass or couch, permanently secured to the boards by screws. To either side of this couch, at head and foot, in parallel lines, were fixed leathern straps, employed as auxiliaries, in the effecting of a base purpose, perhaps too readily anticipated by the reader.

At the same hour we find "our boys" courting life's feast, we also discover Lilly Salome, seated in a back parlor, writhing under the ferocious threats of Madame Cabet.

"You'll have your stuck up pride taken down a peg, my fancy feather, when we get you fast in the Silver Chamber; and if Bob don't do it, I will soon get some one more repulsive than he is, glad to have a white woman to deal with," and the old she bear winked pitchforks and devils at Lilly, whose hands were corded to keep her from offering violence.

"My God!" gasped Lilly, "you do not mean to subject me to such a fate—'tis inhuman; 'tis next to murder. Rather a score of white men abuse me, but a negro—Heavens, say you do not mean that, or I'll go mad!"

"Ah! it kinder touches you, does it?" sneered the living libel on her sex. "I thought we'd cool you down. Mean it, you wretch? I mean worse than that, if you prove too headstrong. You'll be fortunate in getting off with one, and I say it, too."

"You dare not subject me to this treatment. Sinning woman as I am, there is yet human law to protect me, and if you carry out your diabolical threats, Heaven will avenge me, if none others. Beware, Madame Cabet, I am as child with you now; cause one act that wrongs me, and your life shall be mine."

Lilly was no coward, and as she hurled her words at the Madame, who was swelling with indignation, her eyes, dark as the night, shone with a lustre typical of the courageous nature that imbued her soul.

"Another threat like that, Salome," cried Madame, exhibiting a dirk knife, "and I'll cut out your very heart."

The bound girl was not intimidated in the least, and dared the Madame to the deed. With a yell of fiendish delight, she poised the knife above her head, and rushed at her victim with the intention of burying its point in her bosom, when Clifford entered the apartment, just in season to stay the murderous hand of the infuriated woman.

"What's all this about?" inquired Bob. "Going to choke her off that way?"

"Would have sent her home d—n quick," replied the wretch, putting away the blade. "She's been abusing me here for the last half hour, and threatened my life if she ever got out of here, which she never will, if I've got a say about it, and—"

The woman would have continued, but Bob was one of those natures that cared little for hearing a woman's tongue under such circumstances, and he interrupted her by requesting her to leave the room. When Madame retired, Bob seated himself, and taking a look at the poor girl before him, he said:

"Miss Salome, you remember the last time I was in your company, you, under the pretext of friendship,

made a dupe of me. You robbed me of a large sum of money—not that I valued the amount, for I can easily procure all I want—but the use you put it to angers my soul! For that trick you are going to suffer. I don't seek your life, and the fewest words we have, the better."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRAWLEY DOWNS, Fort Wayne, Ind.—1. Jem Mace, Champion of England, is of very dark complexion and supposed to have gipsy blood in his veins. 2. His nose is slightly of the species, "pug;" not Roman by any means. 3. We believe his eyes to be grey. 4. Yes, decidedly; not a only fighting, but a thinking mug, too.

N. SHARP, "N. S. News," London, Eng.—Back numbers of your capital little paper on hand. Many thanks therefor. No private communication arrived as yet, but when it does, will reply quicker'n lightnin,' and hope to be able to reciprocate. Hope our troublesome civil war will be over by Christmas.

BUCKEYE, Kewanee.—The fight between the Tiptan Slasher and Tom Sayers lasted one hour and forty-two minutes. Sayers' shortest battle was with George Sims, four rounds in five minutes.

X. Y. Z., Dover, N. H.—"In a four-handed game of Euchre, A deals; and B, C, and D pass. A takes up the trump, and goes it alone. Can B play it alone against him?".....No.

D. O'N., Philad'a.—We know of none, at this moment. Our paper is the best exponent of such matters. J. R.'s advertisement, and our notice, will fetch the article.

CHAS. C., New Bedford.—Jack Langan and Nat. Langham are two entirely different names. The latter named person never fought Tom Spring; it was the former.

J. H.—Who, and who are not liable to draft is a question not so easily answered, but we are of the opinion that your son would have to shoulder arms.

BARNEY BERRY, Ayr, Canada West.—"A party of four are playing Euchre; my partner orders up the trump; can I go 'alone?".....No.

J. F. SCHROEDER, New Milford, Ct.—Amount received. Your subscription commenced with No. 33. Have forwarded that number.

JOHN D. HOWES, N. Y.—The steamship Vanderbilt made her first trip across the Atlantic, May 5, 1857.

P. P., Dundas, C. W.—For theatrical wigs, etc., address Mr. Keyser, Costumer to the New Bowery Theatre, of this city.

SAXE, Williamsburgh.—Peter Crawley was a staunch Whig and went under the nickname of "Young Rump Steak."

"BIG BULL," St. Louis.—A second match between Phelan and Beereiter was talked of, but it never came to a head.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Unfortunately, we have not a copy of the "canine code" you wish, or it would be at your service.

H.—There is such a paper published in England, and may be obtained through any news agent.

EUCHRE.—He who makes, orders up, or takes up the trump, can play alone; none other.

BLINKER.—There are no lithographs published of the kind you inquire for.

J. H. M., Fort Cass, Va.—Will examine. Thanks for the dedication.

TWENTY-ONE, Niagara.—A "full" is better than a "flush."

NEW IRONSIDES.—Will forward paper as directed.

W. W., Baltimore.—Sayers has retired from the ring.

J. B., Chicago, Ill.—Respectfully declined.

H. P.—Your opponent's hand wins.

THAT BUBBLE BET.

The *expose* of the "bubble bet," referred to in our last, gives us an insight into high life in London, and shows that swindling is not confined to the lower classes of society in the great metropolis. If Capt. Stewart, Col. Burnaby, and Hon. Mr. Lawley are fair samples of the sporting-gentlemen of England, why, then, we are not so bad over here, after all. We had been led to believe that the sporting "gentlemen" of England were above suspicion, even; that in their transactions with each other, a man's word was as good as his bond, etc., etc. In America the case was supposed to be different. Our transatlantic friends call us "money grubbers," and assert that we are worshippers of the "almighty dollar;" that everything in this country must give way to our idol, and that principle invariably knocks under to interest. Well, our English cousins have had their day; they have poked much fun at us on account of our money-getting proclivities, and have "laughed consumedly" at our "cute Yankee tricks," and all that. But we are now compelled to knock under to Johnny Bull. If we have been cute, Johnny is cuter. If we love money, Johnny adores it. The first event, of late years, that opened our eyes to John's system of "fair play" in sporting matters, was the match between Heenan and Sayers, and their battle at Farnborough. Until then we had put some sort of faith in their boasts of fair play; but that affair opened our eyes a little, and we found that Johnny Bull was just as ready to sacrifice principle to interest, as he had charged us with being. The sporting "gentleman," and the sporting "plebian" had money invested on that important event, and their money took sides with the champion, as a general thing. We all know how the ring was broken in, and the fight broken up; and we all know how the sporting "gentleman," through referee Dowling's connivance, was enabled to save his money. The proceedings in that case taught us that the Yankee dollar was not without admirers in England. That was an open, and a bold fraud; it might be more properly termed a highway robbery, for the foot-pads around the ring commenced the attack, and held their clubs over their victims' heads, while Dowling and his gentlemanly co-operators quietly abstracted the contents of their pockets. The "bubble bet," however, is another affair altogether. In that, we see even the cunning Yankee outwitted by that unsullied advocate of fair play, the sporting English gentleman, "all of the present time." The Farnborough fraud was somewhat of the "open order;" the gallant Captain's "little affair" was of the opposite character, a sort of "thimble-rig" arrangement, with "Reindeer," the little joker, concealed from sight. The cleverness with which the gallant Captain and the highly-educated Colonel conducted their nice little game, leads us to suspect that they are not altogether unacquainted with the innocent and gentlemanly amusement of thimble rig. And so cute did their plans work, up to a certain point, that we should be inclined to look upon them as a *species* of Yankee, had we not been assured otherwise. The only point in their clever little trick that convinces us that they could not be *thorough-bred* Yanks, is in allowing themselves to be tripped up at the critical moment. A Yankee, having got as far as the Colonel and Captain got, would not have suffered an *expose*—he would have squirmed out of it with flying colors. To be sure, our English friends tried to face out the thing, and to stand upon their dignity, but they made a complete botch of it, and got themselves still deeper in the mire. See what a mess that stool pigeon, the "Honorable Mr. Robert Lawley," made of *his* part of the transaction. He either lied himself into it, or is trying to lie himself out of it; he is in a bad way, look at it as you will; and, in attempting to help the thimble riggers, exposes their little jokers and his own, at the same time. Money, the root of all evil, was the root of the evils just complained of, and the *expose* of the English bubble places Johnny Bull in the light of a veritable money grubber, and worshipper of the almighty dollar.

SPECULATORS.—How do we know that the present extraordinary rise in the price of paper is not the result of a certain class of speculators? But a short time ago, petroleum, or coal oil, was selling for 30 cents per gallon. Suddenly, it went up to one dollar and upwards, and almost as suddenly came down again, to 60 cents. A speculating clique run up the price, but were not sharp enough to keep it there. A similar clique may be now operating in paper. Take care that you don't get on too high a horse, gentlemen, and find yourself thrown when you least think of it.

REINDEER.—The London journals are still discussing the "Reindeer bet." Letters, *pro* and *con*, continue to be published, and Stewart and Burnaby are doing all in their power to get out of the difficulty. Stewart, who stoutly insisted on spelling Reindeer with an e, when he and Burnaby were about to rename their horse, just as pres'stently insists now on spelling the word with an a. Let the case be settled as it may, the "operators" are sure to come out of the ordeal, scorched, if not completely singed.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

MACE AND KING—COBURN AND GOSS.

It is probable that on Tuesday, 25th, or Wednesday, 26th of November, Jem Mace and Tom King settled their differences in the pugilistic arena, and decided who shall be the custodian of the Champion Belt of England. The result of this battle should reach here in time for publication in next week's CLIPPER, and it is possible that the details of the rounds will also be received so as to appear in our next. There is considerable excitement manifested in sporting circles respecting this match although there has not been a very heavy outlay in speculation. The cause of this may be, that Mace is a little tricky, and cannot at all times be depended on. By some it has been asserted that he carries the "white feather," and that a really formidable opponent sometimes forces him to show that insignia of cowardice; but whether this is really the case at present, we are not prepared to say. Certainly he has given us no sight of the white feather since he assumed the Championship; on the contrary, he has been rather bold, and, we know that when Heenan, Sayers, and Mace met together at Owen Swift's, in London, after Heenan's arrival in the Metropolis, Mace was the most forward of them all, and actually backed down both of the other heroes; at least, they refused to make a match with him. As a boxer, Mace may be ranked A No. 1, handling the gloves with more artistic ability than the renowned Sayers has ever handled them. In execution, however, he is behind the ex-Champion. When Sayers hits, he generally cuts clean through, or leaves some other equally distinguishing mark of his handiwork. Mace can "get there" easily enough, but the effects of his blows are not so damaging. His opponent in the contest under notice is not so well known to fame as Master Mace, but he has a large number of admirers, and in London, we hear, they are not backward in taking the odds. He made such a determined stand against Mace in a previous meeting, without much preparation, that better things are expected of him in their second tourney. He has confidence in his own abilities, and did not look for a very hard job in conquering his old antagonist. The same is said of Mace. He was confident, and expected to make King cry "peccavi" much sooner than on the former occasion. With both so confident, should we not look for a slashing contest?

Heenan, it appears by a letter received here, does not seem inclined to enter the ring again England. He thinks there are many obstacles in the way in attempting to get off a second international match in England. We do not think he is averse, however, to meeting an opponent in Ireland, or over in France, if necessary: but he does not believe the best man can win in England, providing the "best man" should belong on the American side of the big ferry. He does not believe that he would be interfered with any more than others from this side; he thinks the chances are against the one not "to the manor born," and for this reason he advises Coburn to fight Goss in Canada rather than in England, and if an agreement can be made for a Canadian meeting, he is willing to "post the possibles" on behalf of Coburn. Goss, it will be remembered, accepted Coburn's offer to meet him in Canada, and the latter is said to have put up a deposit to ensure Goss's coming; the Londoners wish to have undoubted evidence that such money is really up before they take any further action in the matter. We have Coburn's word that he made a deposit; it would have been more to the purpose, however, had Joe put up the money in the presence of some responsible witnesses. Had we been apprised that such deposit was to be made, we should have detailed one of our reporters to witness the ceremony, and then we could have spoken more to the point. It is best to do these things openly. When not done so, there is always room for doubts and suspicions, and this, we presume, is the reason that the Londoners wish to be satisfied that money is really up before committing themselves to the match, in any way. Coburn, doubtless, will take measures, if he has not already taken them, to furnish the necessary evidence that he has made a preliminary deposit. This done, Goss will be free to act at once.

In regard to the King and Mace affair, parties in this country should be cautious in betting after there is a possibility of the result of the fight being known in this country. The news may be privately telegraphed from Cape Race or Halifax, and be known here many hours before the steamer reaches her port of destination. Be on your guard, therefore.

FURL SAIL, OR PONY UP.—Our friends who make yachting their pastime and recreation, will not be pleased to be informed that the Commissioners of Internal Revenue have directed that all yachts and sail boats kept by private individuals for pleasure, or kept to be hired out to others for the purpose of pleasure excursions, are taxable, but so it is, and the owners thereof must "sock up the dust" or furl sail immediately. Law is law, and as good citizens, we must abide by it, we suppose; but, at the same time we cannot help expressing the opinion, that taxing the amusements of the people is bad policy, and will result disastrously, and to a much greater degree than the comparatively meagre amount of revenue will compensate for beneficially. Neglect of out-door exercise, and recreation, has been one of the greatest banes, if not the greatest, of this people, and surely, wise legislation should encourage, rather than place such an embargo thereon. Recreation and amusement are prime agents in infusing vigor into a business man, whether his business be mercantile or manufacturing, and should be fostered, not taxed, and least of all should yachting fleets be interfered with, which foster a taste for nautical enterprise among our most intelligent people, and furnish so many of our best sailors, besides drawing out skill in ship building, on which, to a great extent, rests our prosperity as a nation. Sound policy does not propose, nor will interest second the motion.

GYMNASTICS IN HALIFAX, N. S.—Physical education is not altogether neglected among the "Blue Noses," we are gratified to learn, and it is to be hoped that enterprise in this direction will result in greater enterprise, commercially and otherwise, for there is plenty of room for improvement. Who knows but that Elson's Gymnasium, in Halifax, just started there, may infuse something like enterprise among them? It may prove just the one thing needful, for though they are moderately intelligent, they are notoriously inert, as a people. It is not claiming too much for physical education, we think, that it is capable of bringing about just such a desirable change in national character. A good bout at fisticuffs all round, would shake them up, and stop their toadying to—not sympathy for—Jeff Davis & Co., and set them doing something for themselves, instead of whining over their loss of a market for a limited quantity of ice, lumber, and such articles as they have no hand whatever in manufacturing. Go to work, Blue Noses; take a leaf out of a live Yankee's book, and invent and make something, and your land won't long remain the "jumping-off place" of the world that it is, nor a mere dependency that cannot fight its own battles.

THE TURF.—Racing and trotting are pretty well over for the season, and very little will be done on the turf, hereaway, until the opening of the season for 1863. Horse talk and match making will engross the attention of our turfmen during the winter, and innumerable races will be run on paper that cannot be decided on the race track. The season of 1862 has not shown us many important events; neither has it introduced us to many fresh flyers. Little Flora's time has not been equalled, and she still reigns Queen of the Trotting Turf. Racing has been a failure, and the prospects for 1863 are gloomy.

THE BALL PLAYERS CONVENTION.—It is to be hoped that every club in this vicinity will send delegates to the Convention which is to take place at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, on Wednesday, Dec. 10th. All ball players, whether delegates or not, should make it a point to be present on that evening. All are admitted though none but delegates are allowed to have a voice in the proceedings The rules are to be revised, and the fly game will probably be adopted. Let every club therefore have its delegates present, and let us have a full convention.

A FAST TRAIN.—Geo. Francis Train has spread himself in the current number of the New York *Era* in both poetry and prose. Go one eye on it, if only for fun. See advertisement elsewhere.

HOMICIDE IN BOSTON.

THE KNIFE!

DEATH OF BARNEY FORD.

In our last, we recorded, in a brief paragraph, the homicide of this noted boxer in Boston, Mass., by being stabbed in the breast and abdomen by Michael Sullivan. We now give additional particulars concerning this unnatural and melancholy fracas, as we find them in the Boston *Herald*:—

"A fight occurred about three o'clock Sunday morning, Nov. 23, in Kiley's saloon, No. 210 North street, by which Bernard Ford, a pugilist of some notoriety in the American prize ring, and a man well known in American sporting circles, lost his life, being mortally stabbed by one Michael A. Sullivan. The particulars of the affair, as we have been able to learn them, are as given below. Some days ago, several New Yorkers, particular friends of Ford, came to Boston, and made his place, No. 258 North street, their headquarters. At this period, and for a long time previous, Michael A. Sullivan had been an intimate friend and associate of Ford—but not a relative, as is supposed by some—and through him was introduced to and became acquainted with Ford's New York associates. From some cause or other, Sullivan had trouble, and a falling out with one of them, and cherished a bitter rancor towards him. He thus incurred the displeasure of Ford, and a very unfriendly feeling grew up between them, which, by frequent disputes, had ripened into animosity.

Sunday morning about 2 o'clock, Sullivan was in Kiley's saloon, when Ford, with some of his friends, came in, and considerable loud talk and quarreling ensued. Some of the police, hearing the disturbance, went in to investigate the matter, and upon inquiring the cause, Ford told them it was only a little dispute among themselves, and would soon be over—or words to that effect—whereupon the officers withdrew.

Again the quarrel commenced, and grew particularly warm between Ford and Sullivan. Ford told him he would "get a d——d licking before Sunday night," and finally seized a knife and made an assault upon Sullivan, getting the latter into a corner, where he used the knife freely, and cut his clothes badly, and inflicted a wound, but not a severe one, in his side. Sullivan, in warding off the blows, also received a deep cut in the ball of his thumb. But presently a knife appeared in his hand, with which he dealt several blows upon Ford, and the latter soon exclaimed "I'm run through!" and sank backwards into a chair, and died soon after.

His body was taken to the dead house, and officers Cowdry and Goodwin, of the 1st Station, soon after arrested Sullivan, and committed him to the tombs. Subsequently three parties, named Geo. Bland, James Halcrow, and James Keenan, were arrested and detained as witnesses.

A post mortem examination of the body of Ford, on Monday forenoon, revealed two severe wounds. One was in the lower part of the breast, on the left side, and severing one rib, penetrated through the stomach and pierced a large vein. The other was in the abdomen, and was probably the fatal one, although either is deemed sufficient to have caused death.

Ford was a man about 30 years old, and has been in Boston most of the time for fifteen or twenty years, and has recently kept the saloon at No. 258 North street.

Michael A. Sullivan, who stabbed him, is a small man, and, as we are informed, of a naturally quiet disposition, rarely in any serious disturbance: rather rough, perhaps, but withal a peaceable man. Until recently he had been on good terms with Ford, tried to avoid a quarrel with him, and says he was compelled to strike Ford in self-defence.

There are various stories about the affair, but Sullivan appears to have acted upon the defensive from the first of the quarrel. It is supposed that Ford and his friends went into the saloon for the express purpose of creating a disturbance, knowing Sullivan to be there. Some one asked the party to drink, and Sullivan was invited to join them, and upon his stepping up to the bar to do so, was assailed by Ford with the most insulting language.

The quarrel then ensued as detailed above, and Ford received his death wounds, though not until Sullivan had first been pushed back against the wall and struck. Sullivan doubtless saved his own life by bending backward at the moment Ford made a pass at him with the knife, so that it only scratched him. Several of the parties who were in the saloon when the altercation commenced, left before it was brought to a termination, to escape implication in the affair, and there were only three or four in the place when the stabbing was done.

The accused is 22 years of age, and a son of Michael Sullivan, who keeps a boarding house at No. 219 North street. He was arrested within twenty minutes after the affray, at No. 166 North street, where he had gone to bed.

On the 7th of May, 1857, Ford was arrested for participating in a prize-fight as a second, on the Outer Brewster, in Boston Harbor, and a year or so later, was sentenced by Judge Russell, of the Superior Court to three years' confinement in the State Prison for this offence, with the alternative of leaving the State for a period of five years. He accepted the latter, and went to New York, where he remained a year, at the end of which time he was permitted to return.

THE INQUEST.

The Coroner's Jury, called to hold an inquest on the body of Bernard Ford, assembled on Tuesday, Nov. 26, and took the testimony of several witnesses, knowing to the homicide. Their evidence was given substantially, as recorded below:—

John Codey sworn. Reside at 210 North street, over Kiley's saloon; was standing at my door about 2¼ or 3 o'clock on Sunday morning; Ford and another man came along; asked me in to drink; went in and drank; Ford's friend went out for Sullivan, who was outside; Ford said, "Steve, dont call that son of a b——h, he shan't drink with me." Sullivan asked Ford if he didn't "feel sore about something that had happened between him and another man—you only heard one side of the story; if you had heard the other you wouldn't have abused me." Ford d——d him, called him all sorts of names; said he would have him licked before next night by a smaller man; Sullivan said he wouldn't be licked by him or any other man; I tried to stop the quarrel but could not, and went out with Ford's friend, thinking our presence might perhaps aggravate the affair; I saw no knives; hadn't been long out before I heard Bland call for doctor; have known parties for some time; Ford always had an abusive tongue, especially when in liquor; Sullivan was a quiet, peaceable man; never knew him to quarrel unless put upon; never saw him in a fight. Both Ford and Sullivan had been drinking; don't think they were what could be called drunk; Sullivan came out soon after I did, and I heard Bland say somebody was cut, but didn't know who; I took hold of Sullivan, and said—"Come, let's walk down street." I went to the door of Sullivan's house with him; didn't see any knife or pistol; Ford's friend had his hand on something when I came in; I don't know what it was, but had the impression it meant something.

Wm. H. Reed, sworn. Am a police officer. About a quarter to three, was going from station house down Hanover street, and met three men at Dr. Moore's door. They told me that Barney had been badly stabbed, and they wanted to get a doctor. I called for the doctor, and we went down to No. 210 North street; went into the saloon; saw Ford lying on the floor; the doctor removed his clothing, and I saw a large wound in the abdomen, higher up discovered another. After examination, the doctor pronounced him dead.

Went with the officers to No. 166 North street, and arrested Sullivan in bed. The officers were Cowdrey, Goodwin, and Leighton. Cowdrey and myself made the arrest. Took Sullivan to the station house; said to Sullivan, "Mike, you have cut Barney up pretty well." "Well," said he, "what I did I was obliged to. Barney drove me to the wall, and cut me twice before I did anything. I will go with you if the other officers will go ahead. I don't like to be with so many officers; it looks as if I had been killing somebody." "Well," said I, "you have; Barney is dead." "Is he dead?" said Sullivan. I told him he was, and asked him where the knife was that he cut him with; said he didn't know. I told him he had it somewhere, and he repeated that he didn't know where it was. I searched for it, but could not find it. The woman who was there said he didn't bring any knife in with him. We then took him to the station house. Looked in the street and in Kiley's for the knife, but couldn't find it. Found a hole in Sullivan's pants, and a wound in his side; also a cut in his hand. Neither of the wounds were deep. Saw some blood on his shirt. At the station house I asked Sullivan what the trouble was between him and Ford. He said that the night before he had some trouble with some of Ford's New York friends, and Ford thought he would come and settle it up for them. Asked him how it happened that he got so many cuts at Ford and received so few himself. He replied that he thought Ford didn't have so good a knife, although he (Ford) tried hard enough to stab him.

The last Sullivan said to me, as I put him into the cell, was that Ford tried hard to kill him, that he meant to do it, and what he (S.) had done he was compelled to do. He said that he was so excited that he didn't know what became of the knife. I have known Ford for six or seven years. He always had the reputation of being a fighting man. Sullivan's reputation is not good, but I know nothing in particular of his fighting propensities. Both have been arrested heretofore.

The testimony closed with the examination of this witness, and the jury, after mature deliberation, returned the following verdict:—

"That said Bernard Ford came to his death on Sunday morning, Nov. 23d, A.D., 1862, between the hours of 2½ and 3¼ o'clock, in the bar-room of Thomas Kiley, No. 210 North street, by wounds inflicted upon him with a knife, held in the hand of Michael Sullivan."

Sullivan was examined on a complaint for murdering Barney Ford, at the police court, on Nov. 26th, and was fully committed for trial. B. F. Russell defended Sullivan, and the latter, it was thought, would get clear of punishment.

THE FUNERAL.

Barney Ford's funeral took place from his late residence, 305 North street, at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th ult., and was largely attended by his numerous friends and acquaintances. The cortege comprised some thirty-five hacks and coaches, besides various miscellaneous vehicles. The remains were interred in the grave yard at Dorchester, some four miles from the city.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF MR. GULLY.—This veteran sportsman, ex-member of Parliament, well known as a patron of the ring, turf, etc., we regret to learn, is seriously indisposed. We hope his entire recovery will soon be announced.

DIED WHEN HUNTING.—Mr. Mills, member of Parliament for Totnes, while hunting with Lord Dacre's hounds on Nov. 10th, suddenly fell from his horse in a fit of appoplexy, and expired.

THE PISTOL!

ANOTHER MURDEROUS AFFRAY—TOM BYRNES THE VICTIM.

Right upon the Ford homicide, in Boston, comes another and equally to be regretted affray in our own city, the shooting of Mr. Thomas Byrnes, or "Big Tom Byrnes," as he was usually called by the boys, a leading politician of the First Ward, by Dennis P. Sullivan, of the same locality, and, singular enough, it was a Sullivan who sent poor Barney Ford to his last account. By the evidence thus far elicited, there seems very little, if any cause for the act, and as two policemen had hold of the prisoner or were about to do so, when he fired, we cannot see in what respect he was justified in drawing the murderous weapon at all, much less in firing it. The police were as much to blame as anybody, in not preventing the murder, instead of standing looking on at the whole proceedings.

Tom Byrnes was born in Ireland, in the year 1815, and came to New York in 1837. He took a great interest in politics, and gradually worked his way up in the political world. In 1853 he received an appointment in the Custom House, under Collector Redfield, and in 1857 was appointed Supeirintendent of Lamps and Places, by Street Commissioner Cooper, a position which he occupied to the day of his death. Mr. Byrnes was twice married, and leaves an interesting family to lament his untimely end. His funeral took place on the morning of December 1, and was attended by an immense number of followers, including all the leading Democratic politicians and many sporting men.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

TOM SAYERS' CIRCUS AND HIS "AUCTIONEER."

THE BRITISHERS ACKNOWLEDGE THE CORN.

Decidedly the most candid and independent sporting paper that has ever appeared in England, is the London *Illustrated Sporting News*. Though of recent origin, it now ranks beside the oldest prints as a standard for reliable and impartial accounts of everything transpiring in all parts of Great Britain. Its theatrical department comes nearer to our own than any sheet in Europe or America, except the *Era*, and its illustrations (from four to six every week) are considered equal to any of the pictorials, for which London is so famous. How it can be gotten up for two cents is a puzzler; the sheet of white paper alone would almost bring that price in this city, so scarce is material becoming, but what with pictures and closely-packed columns of small type thrown in—"that's what knocks us." As an example of the "spirit" of the *Sporting News*, we shall be pardoned for digging up old scores, but cannot help calling attention to the "remarks" appended to George King and Patsy Reardon's fight (?) of March 25, 1862: "To sum up the verdict, Reardon has stamped his name with irrefragible disgrace, for no true-hearted British boxer could ever behave in the cowardly and dastardly manner he did.....That King is a bullying braggart is equally as patent, and possesses only the wretched and forbidden attributes of rank cowardice.....Do these pair of humbugs belong to the Association? If so, let them be called upon to resign, and take back their entrance fee..... Let the Association interfere, and never let the men fight again in their ropes and stakes, or under their sanction.....Out upon them! say we—let them be scouted for such unwarrantable and dastardly behavior." That talk is loud enough to be heard by the deafest ear, and so explicit, that if the parties never read anything else to remember, they could not easily forget this. Don't imagine a sporting journalist's head is any safer in England than it is here. No, no; there are bad men in all professions of life. It is generally believed that the senior Dowling got "an unlucky blow," from which he never recovered, because he once gave a decision averse to a certain party's interest, and Harry Holt (the Cicero of the P. R.) met a similar fate, although the press never liked to make it known. We understand these matters perfectly well; it is not mere assertion on our part, but facts gleaned from reliable sources. Let us now turn to Mr. Tom Sayers, his "auctioneer," and his circus.

After mentioning the fact of Sayers' Circus and paraphernalia having been sold at auction, as referred to in our paper a fortnight ago, the *Illustrated Sporting News* of Nov. 15th, adds:—"It was quite clear, then, that even if the good ship Alexandria had been burned by the Federals, or that some united power had 'caught a Tartar,' with her 2,000 tons burthen, on the track from Melbourne—that there was no possible chance of our English Achilles disposing of himself in 'the land of gold.' Brother Jonathan calculated aright as to its being all 'bunkem,' for thus spoke that clipping trans-Atlantic sporting broadsheet, the NEW YORK CLIPPER, of Sept. 27th:—'What think you? Will the Lion ever go to Australia at all? We hardly think it. Without wishing to disparage the gallant Little Tom—whom we know like a book, and wish all sorts of prosperity—it is impossible to read these 'blarsted' puffs and not feel a 'leetle bit' disgusted. Surely Sir Thomas has reputation and fame enough to stand on his own bottom by this time; then why all this hyperbole? We object for his own sake, and reiterate, in the language of an eminent divine, 'It's too much pork for a shilling.' When Washington La Grand (who the deuce is he, any way?) *does* take Sayers to Australia, our readers will be informed.' The conjecture was a far-seeing one across the Atlantic, and the British public are now convinced, from the sale proceedings of Thursday, which we describe below, that they will not lose their 'pick of the basket,' as Tom Sayers positively intends to remain in the united country. So mote it be—with what intent we may hereafter show."

There, you see, our predictions have been verified to a T: both that we pretend to know more about certain trans-atlantic matters than is actually known there, but circumstances sometimes give more latitude to an American than an English journal. To find the quotation a second time is decidedly rich, and shows our neighbor of the *News* appreciates plain facts, (even though operating against their own little ex-champion, the redoubtable Sayers,) and is perfectly willing to "acknowledge the corn." In this connection, it is rumored that the cream of the stock of Sayers' Circus didn't change hands, and many believe the unsold material will be transferred, by private contract, to Seth Howes, which would probably result in Heenan and Sayers traveling together again with the American Circus. It's rather curious the way things have turned about lately over the water; scarcely a month ago four blazing circuses were on the rampage, headed separately by Heenan, Sayers, Mace, and King, as the stars, while now the Benish has swallowed them all, like Aaron's (not Barney) rod, and now stands alone in his glory. *E Pluribus Unicorn!*

LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF, TOM SMITH!—There's been a good deal of chaff going on about mine host of the Centre Street Eagle—Izzy Lazarus—and Ould Tom Smith, the deaf son of St. Crispin, as to whether they can get in condition for an early morning mill. Tom talks fight, and Izzy acts fight, so somebody had better beware. We hardly think Izzy can come down much less than 300lbs., but if Tom will get up to his avoirdupois (as the same genius once upon a time wanted the sanguinary Slasher to do,) we shall have a match sure. If "Tom Quick" is in town when it comes off, he is sure to be in Izzy's corner, to give him the benefit of his experience, while the "Disbanded Volunteer" may be persuaded to handle Smith. Let's hear from both parties. Is the match to be considered on? Is it?—eh? That's what we say—Is it?

WHO'S KING PIN OF THE TEN PIN ALLEY?—Since Johnny Cleveland ("Ten Pin Johnny") has given up this invigorating pastime for the more scientific game of billiards, we hear but little about it. Why can't a match be got under way for the Championship? Brooklyn has many good players, and if they'll only sing out, we guess they can get a match on for a hundred or so at any moment.

BIG CHALLENGE.—BILL EVANS TO THREE OTHER MEN.—We have received the following trebble-header from Bill Evans, of Boston;—"EDITOR CLIPPER—I will fight Bill Stone, or his brother, Harry Stone, or Tom Grew's bartender, for from $100 to $500 a side, according to a recent challenge. By covering the deposit left at Charley Portlock's, Level place, Milk street, a match can be made. WM. EVANS, Boston, Mass.

WHAT ABOUT CON OREM?—No further notice has been received concerning the Colorado Champion's visit to our city. "If yer a comin', why don't yer come along?" Let us hear from Con and get the declaration of his intentions, so that we can give him the freedom of the city and a gold snuff—no, a sparring exhibition. The boys are curious to see what sort of a looking sport he is, and would turn out big to receive him. What's it to be, Con, comin', or not comin'?

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—Colonel James E. Kerrigan, M. C., is to be again reinstated in the Union army and given a command. Our young friend from the Bowery has seen active service in the Mexican war, and if he only gets half a chance, will prove his patriotism to be of the true metal by decisive action. A regiment of New York boys would follow the Colonel right through to Richmond if he only said the word. Don't you remember how quick he raised the Twenty-fifth regiment? Well, if he hadn't been interfered with, those boys would have made their mark long ago. Present arms, dip your colors, and salute one of your own style, the gallant Jimmy Kerrigan! That's the idea.

SOME OTHER MAN.—A rumor having got around that Jimmy Burns, of Centre Market, was fatally shot the other night, we wish to state that it is not the same man at all, but Mr. T. Byrnes, of the First Ward. It is painful enough to hear of anybody getting shot, but particularly so when the party happens to be one of the down right good fellows whom everybody knows. This shooting business ought to be tabooed and put down for ever.

THE MITTENS IN BUFFALO.—Sam Gainsley took a benefit on the 24th ult., at Sportsman's Hall, Buffalo, which, however, was

not very well attended from lack of fistic talent. The sparring commenced at eight o'clock, and was participated in by just six professionals, all told, viz:—John Connell and Sam Cole, very lively and about equal; Jack McCormick and Young Fairchild, wherein Jack was better than his master, getting all the best of the other fair youth; and lastly, Sam Gainsley and Johnny Hickey, who came all the way from Canada to assist his friend Sam, or to experiment on him with the gloves—it's all the same. Their performance gave the greatest satisfaction, and those who were there, expressed more satisfaction than if a dozen inferior bruisers had attempted to do something. It is too often that we have to mention the names of mere "duffers," of no account whatever, who imagine themselves awful smart until taken down a peg or two by honest criticism. Here it was different, all being much above the average. Sam desires to express his thanks to Hickey for the long journey he took to oblige him, and hopes to be able to reciprocate.

JOHNNY MORRIS SPEAKS OUT.—This Boston man writes that he hasn't been out of that city the last six months, and consequently the party using his name here must be a gay deceiver. He may be of the same name, but is certainly not the Boston Johnny Morris. In the aforesaid letter he says that his present situation is too good to throw up for fighting any man just now. If any one of them can wait two or three months, Johnny will then bar nobody living at 130lbs. Sound talk, that, and we guess the matter will receive every attention at the proper time. New York against Boston will make things hum again, if we "wait a little longer."

OUR MAN, CAP. MIKE NORTON, LIKELY TO BE ELECTED.—From the opinion of those likely to know, "Crow's" chances for being the next Alderman of the Third Aldermanic District, are the best in the pack, and betting is 5 to 4 on him. Who says the P. R. isn't looking up? Michael Norton is a modest, quiet young fellow, and deserves the hearty support of all the boys; they dont intend to go back on him either, but are bound to go in and win. R-r-rally to the polls for Young Mike Norton of the Union Army.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 271.

DRAMATIC.

Mr. and Miss Richings are enchanting our Washington audiences at Ford's Theatre. The dramatic company has been reorganized, an auxiliary force of nearly a hundred persons now lend their aid, with an augmented orchestra, and a magnificent selection of ballet performers, all conspire, with superb scenery, machinery, and properties, to present "The Enchantress" in fine style at Ford's. James Dunn's rendition of Nuquez, as a vocalist and an actor, also helps to make this admirable performance all that our Washington friends could desire.

The great success of Mr. J. S. Clarke, at the Arch, continues. The treasurer has actually found it necessary, on several occasions, to return money, and refuse to sell any more tickets. When such things occur, depend upon it there's money in the engagement, and no mistake. The Arch is to be remodelled next summer, and completely modernized. It will, when completed, probably be equal to any theatre in the country. As improvement is the order of the day, it is to be hoped that the Walnut will be made to correspond with the other houses.

John T. Ford's Holliday in Baltimore, and the beautiful theatre named after himself in Washington, are doing a tremendous run of biz. Perhaps the most successful engagement ever played at the Washington house is that now going on by the performances of Mr. and Miss Richings. "The Enchantress" now holds the boards, and fills the treasurer's hopes. "Satanella" is next in preparation, and when that is produced our Washington friends cannot possibly resist going within the sphere of its fascination. In saying this much, only a faint outline of the truth, we have no wish to detract from the general merit and ubiquitous services of Mr. Augustus S. Pennoyer, the gentlemanly traveling agent for Mr. and Miss Richings.

Mary Mitchell and J. A. Oates are leading performers at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., where Manager Glenn seems to have a rushing biz. T. P. Herndon, formerly Adjutant of the 99th Regt. N. Y. Vol., is the low comedian, and H. W. Gossin the leading old man. Altogether Manager G. has a nice party for "Meet me in the Willow Glen."

Laura Keene's version of "Peep o' Day" is now going on at the Pittsburgh Theatre, with the advantage of having J. H. Allen in the strength of a good cast.

The meeting held at the Delavan House, Albany, on the 24th Nov., to raise the $30,000 required for building a new Academy of Music, resulted in $21,600 being immediately subscribed. At the adjourned meeting on the 29th, the remainder was secured.

Harry Everett had a complimentary ben. on the 20th Nov., at the Nashville Theatre, and the house was as full as ever it could be.

The Gayety, Albany, has lost one of its recent managers, Edward W. Langrishe, who died in that city on the 26th Nov.

Den Thompson, an old favorite at Toronto, having returned from a tour in the old country, resumed biz. on the 24th, and gave his Salem Scudder, in "The Octoroon," for three nights. On the 27th he did the hero in "The Colleen Bawn." Thompson with a p.

Charles Bass, the veteran actor and manager, is now lecturing in Canada, with "Canada" for his principal subject. Any lake-bass about?

Reports from England concur in stating that Mrs. Charles Young, a remarkably gifted actress, already a great favorite since traveling to Australia, and warmly welcomed back at the principal London theatres, may soon be expected in New York. We believe that Mrs. Young is a relative of James O'Neal Cooke, long and favorably known in connection with the Press on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Watters, recently performing at the Metropolitan, Chicago, are soon to appear at the Union, Leavenworth, Kansas. Let the squatters look out for Watters.

Mrs. Wyatt, and Misses Helen and Julia's, annual "Drawing Room Entertainment," on Thanksgiving, in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., was, as usual, a financial success. The bill presented consisted of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," "Union Medley," by Miss Helen, Rouse and his trained dog Pluto, Atkinson's bone solo, and "A Day in Paris."

Charlie Wilkinson, a favorite Eastern comedian, recently of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, and at one time connected with the management of the Troy Adelphi, contemplates fitting up a snug little temporary theatre in Troy.

"Thespian," writing from Norfolk, Va, on the 27th Nov., has contrived to get his letter through somehow:—On the 20th Nov., "The Hidden Hand" was produced, with Miss Mitchell as Capitola, H. W. Gossin as Old Hurricane, Mr. P. A. Fitzgerald as Black Donald, Herndon as Wool, and Mr. S. E. Browne as Herbert Grayson. It was so successful as to warrant producing it on Friday night. The "Swiss Swains," with Herndon as Swig, concluded the entertainment. Miss Mitchell was entirely successful as Capitola, investing it with that vim and graceful abandon which Mrs. Soutworth evidently intended, as was also the Major Warfield of Mr. Gossin; the Wool of Mr. Herndon was, as usual, good. Saturday, announced as Miss Mitchell's last night, "Romeo and Juliet" was produced to a good house, with Mr. S. E. Browne and fair Mary in the principal parts. In response to the plaudits of the audience, Miss Mitchell appeared, and in a brief speech thanked them, informing them that, although the bills announced it as her last night, she was pleased to inform them that she had been re-engaged for another week, which evidently pleased her auditors, as it was vociferously cheered. "Toodles" concluded the performance, Mr. Herndon as Toodles performing it very acceptably. On the 24th, she appeared as Therese in "The Orphan of Geneva," and as Black Eyed Susan to Mr. Browne's William. Tuesday, Mr. James A. Oates (announced as having become associated with Mr. Glenn in the management) appeared as Othello, Miss Mitchell as Desdemona, Mrs. H. P. Grattan (her first appearance here) as Emilia, and Mr. H. W. Gossin as Iago. This evening (27th) Buckstone's "Dream at Sea," and the musical burletta of the "King's Gardener."

B. R. Maginley is now the acting and stage manager at the New Memphis Theatre. This must be a very arduous position, but B. R. M. seems to fall in with his managerial duties as gracefully as he performs. He has all the merits for an artistic Caleb Quotem.

Tom Carey, treasurer at the Louisville Theatre, took a ben. lately which netted him $750. Biz. tip top. E. Eddy follows Maggie Mitchell.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

From San Francisco we have the following, as extracts from a letter to us dated on the 1st Nov., written by our old friend, Ben Cotton, of Maguire's Opera House:—"Thinking a line would be acceptable, I take the liberty of dropping a few to you. I am happy to inform you that I am in most excellent health, and hope that this will find you the same. Tommy Peel is here with Birch and myself. Business is very good at present. I take the CLIPPER every time it comes out. In looking over one the other day, I saw a notice in regard to Maguire's Opera House, stating that Birch and Cotton were at Maguire's, and that Billy O'Neil appeared when he was 'sober enough.' Now I wish it understood that it is false, for Billy appears every night; and more than that, I am happy to inform you he has not drank a drop of liquor for over four months! (you can rely upon this being the truth.) He is looking 'fine as a fiddle,' and is a 'big favorite' here......By noticing this in your next, you will confer a favor upon one who likes to see 'fair play' (I am writing this without the knowledge of Billy;) and in regard to myself, I think I shall stay out here until the war is over, and perhaps longer. I like the climate first rate, and it appears to agree with me, for I have gained twelve pounds since I arrived here. My line of business takes well here."

Sam Sharpley is such a sharp traveler that we must perpetrate another paragraph about him. His biz. lately has been enormous, making the halls he played in hold more than ever known previously. This week he opens at Pittsfield, Mass.; Westfield, 2d Dec.; Springfield, 3d and 4th; Chicopee, 5th; and Hartford, Conn., on the 6th. Fact is, Sam has a good company, and he understands dealing with a large-hearted and liberal public.

"L. P. O.," writing from Reading, Pa., thus reads us a chapter on amusements in that quarter:—"If you think any smart showman would take a hint from a country boy, let them take my advice, and get up a right smart show, and visit the following places: Pottstown, Reading, Mount Carbon, Port Carbon, and Port Clinton, Pa.—there's money to be made, and no mistake. Last week, the Odd Fellows' Hall, Reading, had a party calling themselves the Campbell Minstrels. The company was well received; they performed for six nights to (seventy-five dollar houses) very good houses. They are now at Pottsville for six more nights, and a party styling themselve Green's Æolian Vocalists have the hall for this week and next; and, to judge by the way they were received the first night, I should not wonder if they would stay with us a month. The great men of this troupe are Messrs. Owen J. and Charles P. Dale, comedians and vocalists; they sing a comic duet, entitled the "Water Cure;" something new up our way, but it has proved to be quite a hit—they draw better than any company that has yet visited us.

The burlesques, sentimentalisms, parodies, and fun generally, at Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House, Boston, now keep up a perpetual thanksgiving among those who are lucky enough to obtain seats, or a sight of any kind, when the performances are going on. The regular Bostonians are cute enough to secure their seats in advance.

There seems to have been a "railroad smash up" at Louisville among Morningstar's Campbells. With the exception of two or three performers, all have left Mr. Morningstar, who has gone to Memphis, and talks of forming another company. In this state of affairs, Dan M. Holt has "taken right holt" of the Louisville concern, Joe Mairs and W. E. Manning have joined Holt. and, with the remainder, are now doing a fair biz., expecting to stay all winter.

"Camera," writing from Troy, on the 29th Nov., remarks, among other items:—Sam Sharpley's Minstrels played here on Thanksgiving, Friday, and Saturday nights. They were greeted with tremendous houses, Rand's Hall being packed to repletion. By-the-bye, Sharpley gives a magnificent entertainment, and is a whole troupe in himself.

Turner & Davis's Concert Troupe are on the move in Canada, and have been well received in Toronto.

There are some signs that Mrs. Bryant's Female (what is the price for bonnets?) Minstrels intend coming to New York after completing their very pleasant tour in Canada.

Mead's Minstrels intend to perform at Fall River, Mass., on the 2d Dec., by especial request.

North San Juan, Nevada county, Cal., has a minstrel company forming, and it already has the name of "The Brandy-Smash Band."

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels are fitting up Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, for their winter quarters, and intend to call it their Opera House. Capital idea.

Add Weaver and Master Barney were engaged, it is true, to join Frank Rivers and party at Lockport, but somehow failed to connect at the expected junction.

Carncross & Dixey are paving their pockets with postage stamps in Philadelphia. They seem to become more popular as they grow more experienced. Success to the "*zouves*."

Sam Sharpley showed in Schenectady on the 22d, to a crowded house; in Albany on the 24th, 25th, 26th; Troy, 27th, 28th, and 29th. Sam's local witticisms are proverbial, and as good as they can be from such a fruitful source.

Sam Sanford will be in Harrisburgh on the 1st, for the winter.

Glorious old Baltimore did its duty nobly on Thanksgiving Day, and one of its best moves was to give Samuel S. Sanford a lift at his little hall near the Maryland Institute. S. S. S. is not likely to forget "My Maryland," but he is fixing up his favorite Opera House at Harrisburg, Pa., where his opera troupe will soon show how truly their respected leader deserves the confidence of the public, as the successor of T. D. Rice, as a performer and a public spirited gentleman. In fact, we might almost say that the mantle of the original Jim Crow has descended upon the shoulders of friend Sanford, "turn about and wheel about" as he may. Whatever may befal him, he comes to his "pose" like "Daddy Rice" of old. By the way, as S. S. S. is re-producing T. D. Rice's negro sketches, holders of them may find a liberal purchaser by addressing Manager Sanford at Harrisburg, as per advertisement within.

"Ned Nutting," writing from Troy on the 27th Nov., says:—Last Saturday eve I hear that the Hutchinson Family, composed of Asa and his two children, performed here at Rand's Hall, and from the abolition songs, &c., and the dead heads, to the poor African race, (who were all there) I believe it was a very decent nigger show, and far from the H—n family of old......Sam Sharpley's minstrels play this evening at Rands Hall to a house full. Their company is composed of Sharpley, Reynolds, Thoms, Burgess, Sullivan, Boyd, Kent, and Bailey. Their gags were all new, and Sharpley was encored continually. They hang out to-morrow and Saturday night and Saturday P. M.

MUSIC HALLS.

Mdme. Anna Fisher, a nebulous cantatrice, gave a "grand concert" at Harmony Hall, Troy, on the 25th Nov., assisted by several professional cloudy artists, and Sullivan's Cornet Band. She had a rousing house.

Tony Pastor, with Charley and Emma Gardner, are among the principal attractions at the Melodeon, Philadelphia.

The Canterbury, Chicago, has Dora Dawron doing the double-voiced vocalism, and Kate Partington the dancing.

Sam Long does not tell long stories now at the Canterbury, Philadelphia, as he has joined Gardner & Hemming's Circus Company, at their new place in that city.

A new company of "Old Folks" have been formed in Quincy, Ill., and they are now doing well in that State, as they have received a "favorable hearing" in Chicago.

The Melodeon, Pittsburgh, is soon to be re-opened by a Philadelphia manager who has taken a lease of it.

Owners of shut-up halls, theatres, etc., need not remain dumb or shut up any longer, but look at James Robinson's advertisement in another column, and open soon. Quick.

Nellie Huntley, and her husband, Professor Henry Morhard, are now at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo. The gentleman is best known as a pianist. Nellie is a great favorite at Detroit, Pittsburgh, and other cities where she has played. John Braham is the leader at Carr's.

The music halls and concert saloons in Philadelphia are thus described by "Wattie Rushton," writing on the 28th Nov.:—"Amusements in Philadelphia are like provisions—constantly on the rise. At Fox's Casino, in Chestnut street, Kathleen O'Neil is a great card; her brogue is good, but of her acting I cannot say as much. Fattie Stewart is a fat and greasy card; being heavy on the fat, he makes the hours *slip* away almost unconsciously. Annetta Galletti has gone to Washington for a few weeks. La Petite Louise, five years of age, is a perfect little prodigy in her way. Nelson Brothers are the gymnasts, and are considered good in their line. Julia Marsh is dancing in combination with the troupe, but not in the ballet. Mdlle. Marie Zoe is certainly a *premier danseuse*, and a dashing one, too. The nigger biz. at this house is not as good as it might be. The comic singing of Billy Holmes is about *mediocre*. Mr. J. W. Ward copies the famous Leotard in his 'Leap for Life,' and is pretty fair in the attempt......At the Continental, they have nearly the same old company. Eva Brent began there on the 26th, and is as popular as ever. C. McMillan, the ever-popular stage manager, is immense in some of his eccentricities on the stage. Ernestine De Faiber began on the 25th, and holds the hearts of the young as much as ever. I think the management is very steep in calling Mdlle. Helene the '*premier danseuse* of the world,' although she is certainly one of the best in America, as blithe and as merry as a cricket. Chas. De Vere, the former clown of Madigan's Circus, is *veering* here. His swing, *a la penchant*, is exceedingly graceful and expressive. Susie Summerfield is still here, and a favorite as ever. Geo. W. Smith, leader of the ballet, and one of the best in the biz., is always admired for his conduct towards 'the people.' ......At the Melodeon, Tony Pastor is in his first week, and introduces himself in a batch of new songs, destined to become popular. J. S. Maffit has brought forward a screaming panto mime, entitled 'The House that Jack built.'......I dropped in at Long's on the 27th, and it certainly is the best free concert in the city. Tom Bogart is the stage manager, and he keeps the audience constantly attending to the footlights. One of the greatest curses to all free shows is, that the 'between acts' are too long, not by any means the fault here, however. Fanny Gilmore is singing here, and is up in a match with Kathleen O'Neil for superiority. Bully for the winner. Fanny is very popular. Rose Myers is also singing at this house. Lizzie La Grange and Flora Leonetta, are the *danseuses*, the latter is especially fine. Billy Matthews, who, by-the-way, is death on 'Ham Fat,' is immense on the nigger. John Bas[illegible]an makes his *debut* here as a gymnast shortly, with the Wallace Brothers. Two pupils of the Wallaces made their *debut* on Thursday, and were vociferously applauded. Tom Bogart, the Yankee comedian and vocalist, is very clever indeed in his 'eccentrics.' This was the individ. who played so long in New York in a lady character, and the press 'could nae tell' whether she was a 'feminamale,' or a '*malvulo*.'......All the other saloons are doing a good biz., I fear the coming legislature will cut short the waiter-girl *attaches*."

Bob Hart is now working a Merrimac of a place in Norfolk, Va., called the "Melodeon," for Hart, Odell & Co., the proprietors. His friends in New York, who have been accustomed to seeing him perform at 444 Broadway, will be glad to hear of his success, and that he intends being in town for a day or two this week, "looking up people" to carry them off to "Old Virginia," and join in the good times. This Melodeon was formerly known to Norfolkites as Johnson's Hall. It has now been fitted up as a music hall, for ballets, minstrelsy, acrobatic feats, etc., and is to open on the 11th Dec. Bob Hart is always sure of a hearty reception.

Manager Fox, at his Casino, in Philadelphia, is giving light and life to Chestnut street, and a few more of the same sort would make this great thoroughfare more attractive than it has lately been during the evening. Mr. Fox has his illuminated signs in a full blaze of light, while his musicians lend an additional interest to the place, crowds standing in front to listen to the music, while larger numbers enter the Casino to see and hear more. Miss Kathleen O'Neil, the "Irish Nightingale," is now in her third week, and grows in favor with each appearance. Young and beautiful dancers also appear, and the entertainments are interspersed with aerobatic, gymnastic, and other performances.

High salaries are coming up again, judging by the announcement made by Mr. Wolf, of the Continental, Philadelphia. He says he has engaged M'lle Helene, the danseuse, for twelve weeks, for which she is to receive twenty-four hundred dollars; while Miss Eva Brent is engaged at one hundred dollars per week.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, has been doing a splendid business for the past two or three weeks. The attraction has not been allowed to run down, and the populace have accordingly rewarded the management with crowded houses. The pretty sisters, Augusta and Marie, are now in their second week at the Varieties, and their popularity increases nightly. The Rollande Brothers, in their gymnastic feats, wind up their engagement on Saturday. They are good performers.

The Old Melodeon, Pittsburgh, which has now been closed for two or three months, will likely be re-opened in a short time. We learn that a live manager from the "City of Brotherly Love" is about to take the opening contract, and although he has made no loud noise as yet, it is expected he will hunt up a company which will be hard to beat. The Melodeon is nicely situated for a cheap amusement hall. It has a gallery not unlike many second-class theatres, and a large parquet. The stage is commodious, and contains considerable scenery which belongs to the hall. Pittsburgh should support more than two places of amusement. It is quite a lively town, and it is surrounded by a number of smart boroughs.

The halls of St. Louis are thus peeped into by "Seneca," writing on the 25th November:—The Varieties still goes on flourishing, and the audiences still grow larger and larger. Deagle ought to have a theatre built on my model, and that is a sort of telescopic arrangement, which will allow of a building being extended indefinitely, to suit the size of the audience (patent applied for). On Saturday evening, I dropped into the Varieties, about nine o'clock, and found the house filled to overflowing, even the immense lobbies full, and a constant stream still coming. To those who know the size of the Varieties, this will convey some idea of the business Deagle is doing; to those who do not know, I will remark, it is one of the largest theatres in the country. One of the greatest attractions is the superb orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Vogel, said to be one of the best orchestras in the country—the best in any music hall, without a doubt, and well adapted to the size of this beautiful theatre. Miss Louisa Wells is now one of the bright stars of the ballet—in other words, she dances nightly, and dances extremely well, too. There are now four leading dancers in the ballet, Fanny Thompson, Ada Laurent, Miss Louisa Wells, and M'lle Juliette. One of the fair quartette, it is rumored, is to soon leave the boards, and assume the bonds of matrimony. Heigh ho! we poor devils see the sweet creatures taken away one by one, and are "left lamenting," with no consolation but the thought, "there are a few more left of the same sort." Whenever the bonds of hymen are assumed by the dear departing one, you may look to hear of it from me. "The Swamp Fox" is the new sensation at the Varieties, with Ed Berry, Mr. Derr, Miss Wells, and Wm. Thompson in the leading characters. Fanny Thompson draws more than any other lady in the Varieties company. The long talked of "Zoranda" is to be produced week after next, and for Christmas there is a grand spectacular performance promised. Clara Butler draws her fair share of applause, but none of them draw as Fanny Thompson did last night......The Holman Troupe have done a fine business at Wyman's Hall, and return during two days of the present week..... The Bowery Company have returned to the city after a very profitable trip. The Bowery Theatre is not yet ready for occupancy, and it is said that it will be a perfect gem of a place when completed......The Melodeon is still in full swing, and doing a very fair business, I believe. In fact, there has not for years been the same activity in the way of amusements as at present, for aside from those I have named, there are numberless Fairs, Promenade Concerts, &c., &c., all well patronized.

Chicago now has one of the very best music halls in the West. It is called the Canterbury, and recent improvements have made it worthy of the best performers as well as the best audiences. Manager A. J. Sink will not sink his money without some adequate return, we trust. First-class performers are continually required. See advertisement. The establishment is as much of a hotel as a music hall, and we think Chicago may well be proud of its Canterbury.

CIRCUSES.

A new amphitheatre has been fixed up in Philadelphia by Messrs. Gardner & Hemmings, and performances are now regularly given there. The building was formerly known as National Hall, and was used for public meetings, etc. The room, which is large, and on the second story, has been fitted up neatly, but not "gorgeously." There is a balcony in the south end of the room, admittance to which is fifty cents. Under this balcony are the dressing rooms, etc., for the company, the entrance to the ring being in the centre. To the north of the ring is the parquet, or pit, or whatever you may term it, at 25 cents, the seats rising step by step, and giving each person a clear view of everything going on; behind this, to the north, and raised above the parquet, is the gallery, admittance to which is 15 cents, so that all classes and conditions may be suited. The interior presents a much cleaner and neater appearance than we are accustomed to see in connection with circus performances. We visited the place on Friday evening, 28th ult. The attendance, for a Friday night, was fair, the balcony seats not being as well patronized as the other portions of the house. The audience was more respectable looking than circus shows usually attract (except in first class theatres), and very orderly. The entertainment embraced riding, tight-rope dancing, acrobatic and gymnastic feats, and various other performances. Mr. Hemmings is generally useful, and does a very neat and very difficult act on the tight rope. Messrs. Gardner and Foster, as clowns, created a good deal of merriment. Little Eliza Gardner (we believe that is her name, for we had no programme) appeared in a very pleasing act on the horse; she bids fair to become a capital rider. The Kincaids are in the troupe, together with the Delavante Brothers, M'lle Marie, Frank Whittaker, etc., etc. So far, we understand, the managers have met with considerable encouragement. There is more display needed outside, in front of the house. The locality has not been used for public exhibitions, and extra exertions are therefore necessary to bring the new amphitheatre to the notice of the public. The managers seem anxious to please and amuse their patrons, and we trust their efforts may not go unrewarded. The new amphitheatre is on the south side of Market street, above Twelfth.

The Great World Circus, belonging to the Antonio Brothers, is now for sale. Complete in every branch of equipment, and ready for the road at an hour's notice, we guess this to be a fine opportunity for the right kind of parties. For further particulars, address Phil Antonio, as per advertisement within.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hanlon Brothers, we are gratified to learn, have met with extraordinary success in Valparaiso, Chili, where they gave their first performance on the 2d of October. Their opening was under rather dispiriting circumstances, the press refusing them a notice, and other matters tending to make an up-hill experiment of it. But they have a touch of the American spirit about them, and they went in on their merits alone. The second night, when the receipts over the first were more than double, shows how well their own abilities carried them through, and forced the press to acknowledge their greatness. Mr. M. L. Finch, agent for the Hanlons, gives us the following account of their business in Valparaiso. It will be remembered that in a previous notice of the troupe, we stated that they were under engagement to Mr. Torrence, of San Francisco. The following is a copy of our correspondent's letter:—

VALPARAISO, Chili, Oct. 17, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—We arrived here, as you have already been informed, on the 25th of Sept., but were not particularly pleased with the beauty of this "vale of paradise," as it appeared too much like sorrow long drawn out, there being but two streets (with rear buildings) to accommodate eighty thousand inhabitants. The houses are principally but one story high, the better to avoid danger when violently agitated by earthquakes, shocks being frequent, and of which the natives live in perpetual fear. ......Our prospects were anything but flattering upon arriving, as we were informed by knowing ones that not only had "Deiz y Ocho," or feast days, passed, but that the country was peculiarly embarrassed, and that the people were in a suffering condition. Contrary to advice, however, Mr. Torrence engaged the Theatre Victoria (the only one in town), and advertised a performance for Thursday, October 2d. The editors of the *Mercurio* were called upon, and though courteously received, we were positively refused the use of their columns for a favorable notice, or even to insert the opinions of the American or European press. They promised, however, their unbiassed opinion immediately after the first exhibition. I enclose their *critique* of the 3d, which is universally pronounced by the citizens to be the best tribute to genius ever given by them to any artistes visiting Valparaiso. To the astonishment of all, and to none more than ourselves, we opened to $813. The bill comprised a farce in Spanish, followed by "Zampillaerostation," by William; "Sur les E'Chasse," by Alfred; concluding with the *double parterre* act, by George and Thomas. At the conclusion of the farce, George and Alfred made their bow, and arranged the trapeze for William, who, upon entering, was warmly received; but not till he had made the trip from the boxes to the extreme end of the stage in five seconds—a distance of 120 feet—did the applause really commence. They had come, not knowing what they were to see, and wholly unprepared for so great an achievement, and upon its successful accomplishment, the house arose *en masse*, and expressed their approbation in long and vociferous cheering. Perhaps the greatest compliment was *silently* given by the orchestra, as they stopped playing, and sat clutching their instruments as if struck with paralysis, till aroused by George to consciousness, who kindly requested them to resume. The next night, $1700 was put in the treasury, and about the same number of boquets showered upon the stage by the ladies. I have never seen as much enthusiasm manifested on any occasion as upon their second appearance, unless indeed it be at each succeeding performance. On the third morning, every box (42 in number) was taken before eleven o'clock, and the fortunate holders were in many instances—to my positive knowledge—offered a premium of twenty dollars for their "*Palco Boletos*." The excitement has continued without abatement, and all boxes are taken to the end of our engagement here, which will be on the 24th inst., as we are advertised to appear at Santiago on the 26th, for three weeks. You will perceive that the brothers are spoken of here as the "Hermanos Lees," instead of the Hanlon Brothers. You are doubtless aware that their primitive training in acrobatic and gymnastic performances was received from their more than father, the late lamented John Lees, with whom they professionally visited nearly every city of the world, appearing under the name of Professor Lees & Sons. A successful engagement was played by them in this city, some seven years since, under that title, and it was thought advisable to resume it for this occasion, as Mr. Lees was a man highly esteemed for his private and social qualities, and universally admired as a performer. From Santiago we return to Valparaiso, and sail on the 18th November for Lima, in Callao, which will terminate our engagement with Mr. Torrence, undecided as to future movements, but will keep you posted........ The Martinella troupe are at Santiago, but are not doing well just now. They are favorites, however, and are highly spoken of by Valparaisans.......Spaulding & Rogers' Circus, I hear, is on its way to this place, but "*quien sabe*."

To show in what terms the press of Valparaiso speaks of the Hanlon, or Lees Brothers, we append the following translation from the Valparaiso *Mercurio*, of Oct. 3d:—"Although we expected to see the young Lees perform very well, we never imagined (nor the public either) that we were to see such surprising notabilities, who have acquired perfection in their profession, and make of their performance a wonder which astounds, surprises, overawes, and thrills the spectator, who beholds before him acrobats who despise danger, who seem not to see it, and who play in the air as though they were guarded by a supernatural power. In fact, it must be seen, it cannot be described—neither the pencil nor the minutest description can convey a just idea of the reality; it is necessary to see their performance to be convinced of the unsurpassing merit of the acrobats Hanlon or Lees. The public were in ecstacies last night, and were carried from surprise to surprise to such a degree that they could not contain themselves; nor did they know how to lavish their applauses sufficiently, which became almost permanent; for the least movement—which to the young acrobats might be insignificant—was to the public a real prodigy. And the spectators were correct, for the performance is the most wonderful they have witnessed, and who knows if we will ever see others that can offer us, we will not say superior, but even equal performances of their class. The Lees ought to have been crowned by the public last night, but we believe that each spectator has gone farther in his wishes, for these young men combine with their merits as acrobats, distinguished manners, elegant figures, and such a sympathetic attraction as nobody can resist. But let us say something about their brilliant feats, although, perhaps, we may not be able to give a good idea of them:—The flying "Trapezium"—were it not that every child sees the danger, and, perhaps, the majority of the spectators are anxious to see it terminate, that their fears may end—would be sublime, for, as we have already said, it is done to perfection, and to many it has been a beau ideal which they would not believe possible to be done, even after having seen it. One can hardly conceive so much daring and dexterity in man, and, above all, so much self-possession and nicety to perform those feats on the "Trapezium." For the performance of these feats, the spectators not only applauded Mr. William Lees (Hanlon), long and particularly, but also gave frequent proof of their admiration and even fear. Let it not be believed that we exaggerate; we cannot find words to describe the state of the spectators—some deeply absorbed, others almost frantic, but always attentive to the quick, easy, graceful, and extraordinary movements of the performer. After the various and difficult feats with which he had surprised the public, he concluded by forcing a cry of terror, as he flung himself at a great height from the "Trapezium," and threw a somersault in the air, so as to fall on the bridge which they had improvised in the pit. At last the inquietude and commotion which had reigned over the spectators, ceased, and the excitement found vent by continuous clapping of hands. A few moments afterwards the brothers Alfred and Thomas appeared on the scene, the first on stilts eight feet high, and the second performing the part of clown. Both were continually applauded, for all their movements, feats, exercises, and witticisms, were worthy of the approbation of the public. What appeared the most insignificant—such as the balancing of a feather on the forehead—kept the public amused, and disposed to recognise the dexterity, the true merit, and the talent with which these young men have known how to reach perfection in all their performances? What shall we say now of the gymnastic exercises? That they were as good as the former feats. There is much that is new and extraordinary in them, and it is delightful to see the young men—George and Thomas—perform, because they make one see the gifts which they possess for that class of exercises, which are the best that we have hitherto seen. And more, never have we seen such varied performances, or as much precision and quickness—this was heightened by the witty sayings with which they were accompanied. Such is an outline of the grand performance which took place last night, before a large house, which will be even more crowded on the successive nights; because those who have been present, and those who have heard of what the company is capable, will not lose a single performance. Before we finish we ought to say that the Brothers Lees, or Hanlon, have more than surpassed what was expected of their performances. Their fame is indisputable."

Gassett & Co.'s one-horse Museum of Fine Arts, and Cosmoroscope of the American Rebellion, is the first and only traveling exhibition or show that has visited Pittsburgh this season. This is strange, as the Opera and Minstrels always flourish well, for a short time, in the "Iron City." The theatre and the Varieties, the only two places of amusement open in the city, have been reaping a harvest, and even the Museum has been doing a paying "biz."

Father Kemp, with his family of Old Folks, tarried at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 28th and 29th, giving two entertainments on the last date.

Mr. Russell, who is showing off in Canada what he calls "Glorious Southern Victories," was at Toronto all last week, but he has changed his tunes considerably since our former notice of his indiscreet mixing up of politics with works of art.

Duflocq's Tour of Palestine is now on exhibition at the New Opera House, Buffalo. J. W. Whiston, the humorist, occupies the first part of the performance with these eccentric sketches and characters which make up his "Olio of Oddities."

Franckenstein's Panorama has taken well in Chicago, and is likely to stay a fortnight longer.

Lockport, N. Y., is going it on the miscellaneous about these days. On the 26th and 27th Nov., Cutting and Co.'s Mirror of the Rebellion drew crowds at Arcade Hall. On the 28th, Artemus Ward went it on his "wax figgers," before the Young Men's Association. On the 1st Dec., Gottschalk takes a hand in, accompanied by Carlotta Patti.

Master Willie Pape gave a concert lately at Hamilton, C. W., and was to have been assisted by Miss Kate Hamilton, but the young lady failed to connect, on account of the change of time in the railroad arrangements, and the young Southerner had to play his hand out "all alone by himself." Luckily or unluckily, the house was only slim, much under the usual average.

Canada has now a "smallest man in the world." He calls himself "Professor Munro." He shows at Dundas, C. W., on the 2d Dec., and is coming into "York State." If the little Munro don't grow on American soil, he can't hoe his row anywhere.

Packard's Floral Festival, with three hundred children, singing, etc., was repeated last week in Troy.

Little Miss Warren, "the $50,000 fairy," of Col. Wood's Glass Blowers, is now at home for the winter, in Massachusetts.

AMATEUR.

"Vapid," writes thus from Philadelphia on the 29th Nov.:—The Forrestonian Dramatic Association performed "Othello" last evening, at the Commonweath Building. In regard of merit it was a tolerable affair, the majority of the members being very young, the Desdemona on the occasion read the part, and I can assure you she has not the remotest idea of reading Shakespeare. On the 26th, the W. D. A. performed "Bertram," a fair performance, considering the play, which is very dry. At the Boothenian, on the 27th, was performed "Othello." The W. D. A. have a benefit on the 3d Dec., the bill is to be "Paul Pry" and "Naval Engagements."

"C. H. S.," writing from Binghamton on the 26th Nov., says:—FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* The Binghamton Elocution Class are up and doing in spite of war times, and the secession of the manager (H. A. Frink). I ask through your CLIPPER, where is Bartram of the Susquehanna Dramatic Club, and the club? The Elmira boys brings out the "Octoroon" on Thursday evening. You will see by the piece enclosed, that Prof. Vosburg has got hold of the Binghamton Elocution Class. The report has gone out that the Bing. Eloc. Class has gone down, but it is not so.

According to "Vapid," writing from Philadelphia on the 20th, our amateur clubs are getting lively there. He says:—The Trovatore on the 18th performed "Douglas," and all the characters were well dressed......At the W. D. A., on the 19th, was performed "La Tour de Nesle," and the farce of "Turning the Tables." It was a performance such as they were wont to give, all well up in their parts. Miss Stanley made her first appearance this season as Margaret of Burgundy, a character in which she excells. On next Wednesday evening will be performed "Bertram." ......This evening, the Boothenians play "Everybody's Friend," and "How to Die for Love." We have another dramatic association, the whereabouts of which I was not aware until recently, called the Forrestonian; they are to perform "Othello" on the 28th inst., at the Commonwealth Building. I will speak of this organization at some future time, after I see the show they give. ......I understand that E. Pollard is to appear in a short time at the W. D. A., in Macbeth. He appeared as Shylock last season. I trust it will be as great a success as his rendition of Shylock.

HAVE WE A PEDESTRIAN CHAMPION?—GILDERSLEVE WILL RUN MAT CASSIDY, FOR $200 ASIDE.—As there hasn't been a trial of skill between the flyers hereaway for a considerable time, let us hope the following challenge may bring about that result. Here's what Gildersleve says:—"New York City, Nov. 29, 1862.—FRANK QUEEN—Sir:—Having heard that Mat Cassidy has talked so much about running, and says he can beat me—now, to show the public that I mean running and no fooling, I am ready to run him one or ten miles for $200 a side and the Championship of New York City. If this suits him, he can reply in the next number of the CLIPPER. Yours truly, YOUNG GILDERSLEVE, of Dry Dock.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER TEN.

PHILIP SAMPSON AND HIS VIVACIOUS BETTER HALF—A PLEASANT CHAT—"INTRANAGH" TO SAMPSON—ARGUMENT ON THE WAR—"TO BE CONTINUED."

It is but a stone's throw from the Royal Amphitheatre, corner of Charlotte street and Queen's square, to Phil Sampson's house, in Roe street. Right about this neighborhood is the very heart of Liverpool. There's Clayton square, where Alex. Henderson's theatre is, (Prince of Wales;) Williamson square, where Jem Ward formerly kept a large concert hall; and Houghton street, where Jem Clarke, who fought Harry Gribbin, keeps—all these places are "right forninst each other." I don't believe I could write about anything more interesting to you than either of the above subjects—cause why? In the first place, Mr. Henderson's a tramp, or he wouldn't send all the way across the Atlantic to advertise in the irrepressible, spunky little CLIPPER, and you'd like to know more of such a man. In the second and third cases, Jem Ward and Jem Clarke's names are so familiar, even though you may have never had the pleasure of seeing either, that I know you're itching to get their whole history. But "it wun't do." I started with Phil Sampson, and shall have to flax him off ere spreading on other matters. Who hasn't heard of the "undercumstumbleum" Philip Sampson? The man who could take a two hour's basting from another one day, get badly beaten, and in a week after lick the same fellow "like breaking sticks," without getting a scratch himself. Ah, he was a great fellow when he wanted to be, but when he didn't, I consider him no man at all. "Draw it mild, sonny," says you, "or Sampson will carry out what Mace only threatened to do, when you go there again." Never fear, Captain, he's too old to operate now, and one good punch in the belly (they don't say stomach here, and I thought belly sounded "werry vulgar" at first, but am now quite used to it—that is to say the *word*, "belly"—nothing else,) would make him as weak in the spine as his namesake of old, when Miss Delilah got around on his blind side and made him like "any other man." Besides, Jem Ward has shown me how to put up my hands, and Charley Lynch has endeavored to do the same by practical demonstration on my odd-looking bugle—therefore, you see, to be forewarned (or warmed will be better in my case) is as good as being fore-armed—is that the right interpretation of the original? If that isn't enough, I'll come the Van Amburgh or Herr Driesbach dodge, and look him square in the eye for about two hours, more or less. That ought to fetch him. This sort of talk is only "dawdling" (don't go to bet on that word like Mr. Ten Broeck did on Reindeer lately, or you'll be sure to lose unless referring to my unpublished dictionary) away the time and trifling with good nature. Avaunt then, twaddle, and let's to the point—not "the fluctuations of the point, *vide* Billy Quinn's stump speech.

When I called on Mr. Sampson first, that gentleman was out, and somebody about my size wasn't sorry, for it gave me a chance to have a little sociable chat with his young and sprightly "missus." By jingo, if Charley Clifton wasn't right when he spoke of Mrs. Sampson, I'll go to—Birkenhead. She is the most agreeable woman for a public house I've ever came across. There's the very devil in her eye (a good devil, of course) and when she goes to talk—holy sailor! a fellow imagines he's known her all his life. It's a fact, boys—she's nothing else but good nature, overflowing with animal spirits, as lively as a cricket, and voluble as George Francis Train. You don't wish a better illustration than that. I didn't wait to be asked in the parlor—not a bit of it: neither would you: the word "welcome" is as plain on her sunshiny face as though printed in ten-line pica there. We therefore adjourned at once to the bar-parlor, and were head over heels (figuratively speaking) in conversation over a bottle of sparkling hock in less than no time. What we talked about before her lord and master arrived will forever be sacred in our own "buzzums"—the vulgar world shall never hear of it through me, and you can bet high nobody else will blab. In vain did fishwomen and customers from St. John's Market rap on the counter for their sixpenny, for the female Sampson lent a deaf ear, while it was none of my business to say anything "whatsomever." If the thirsty souls didn't make her understand, they aroused a sleepy Irish servant girl, who went to the rescue, and served the noisy bibblers and tipplers, or there's no telling how long they would have had to wait before the landlady attended their behests.

How much longer our *tete a tete* would have lasted had not Mr. Sampson himself showed his unwelcome (at that particular time only) physog, this deponent saith not; perhaps too long for the good of trade, for, like myself, everybody goes as much to see Mrs. Sampson as Mr., and more too! Without the least warning, Philip dropped right down upon us, accompanied by two splendid greyhounds, to which he seemed very much attached. He eyed me kinder curious, and looked to my entertainer for an explanation. She didn't take the hint, however, going on with the conversation for several minutes, as though unconscious of his presence. Philip was getting fidgetty, he almost looked damn. I began to feel skittish, wished I was home, in the Lime-street tunnel, or any place but that particular spot. The sprightly landlady, having got us both in a state of semi-desperation, broke the spell by an "intranagh" to Sampson the Second in this wise: "Philip, Mr. James—Ned James. Ned, my husband—Mr. Sampson—landlord of this hotel." Philip slung out his ponderous mawley over the table, and grasped my effeminate quillholder like a vice. I kinder 'magined he was getting hunk on me for trifling with his affections, and though he "squoze" so infernal hard that the tears came, nobody was going to squeal, nor didn't either. Whether he meant anything, or this was his usual way, I can't tell, nor haven't any desire to test the question further. We have been good friends ever since, but I always avoid shaking hands—it's merely "How do you do, sir? Fine morning," etc., answered by asking precisely the same questions, instead of answering mine. Didn't you ever notice when two men meet, they invariably spit out similar questions simultaneously, without either one answering the other? Certainly you have, very probably you do the same thing yourself a dozen times a day without thinking of it. Well, that's the way Mr. Sampson and your humble servant does.

The ceremony of introduction over, the fighting landlord ordered dinner for three, to be served up where we were sitting. It was not for me to say anything, lest he might take me down a peg by saying the third order was for somebody else—not me—so "mum was the word." Now, let it be understood, I don't go round on the What Is It Professor's arrangement of getting a blow-out without money and without price—no *sir*; still, by some means or other, I've been honored by dining with nine-tenths of the Corinthian gentlemen acquaintances made here, though never twice in the same place, except with John C. Heenan. It was no wonder, then, that Philip Sampson should do as all the others before him had done, that is, *invite* me to dine, whether the invitation was accepted or not, never entering into the question. On this occasion I declined, (the third order was for me, after all,) and contented myself with admiring the cosy friendship between man and wife as they sat within kissing distance, laughing and cracking jokes at each other's expense. Philip's dogs shared alike with himself; if anything, getting more, while Mrs. S. supplied the feline family, and, take them altogether, they seemed to enjoy their repast all the more by thus dividing it around. Dinner over, Mr. Sampson apologized for his time being so limited; he had to attend a sale of horses at two o'clock in Charlotte street, right opposite the market, and thought we should make the best use of what time was left. "Before commencing, suppose we take suthin'; what'll you have, sir?" says I. Says he, "Pint o' six-ale." "Ditto," says I. "Let's have cigars, too." "Just as you say." "A couple o' cigars, please, Mrs. Sampson," and in a few seconds they were all served up in style. "It's a sad thing, that war of yours. Why don't you come to some terms, instead of fighting like Kilkenny cats? You're not only crippling yourselves, but ruining hundreds of thousands dependent on America for their trade. Look at our shipping; I never knew it to be half so bad in all my life. We are doing nothing at all, hundreds are day by day starving—yes, actually starving for the bare necessaries of life. It's very unfortunate; don't *you* think so?" I admitted we regretted it equally with himself and fellow-townsmen, but unless terms of compromise came first from the South, who brought about the hellish conspiracy, there could be no settlement until one or the other party were dead licked. "Just so long as your government winks at the vessels being fitted up and loaded at this very port with arms and ammunition, etc., for the rebels, will this bloody war last; yes, you are only prolonging it yourselves. Had England stood aloof and helped neither side, it would have been over long ago. The South wouldn't have attempted to carry it on, but for the decided sympathy manifested for it by your Beresford Hopes, Roebucks, and such Gayetty sheets as the *Times* and *Reynold's* newspaper." These were my sentiments freely expressed, to be sure, yet true nevertheless. Of course, Philip retaliated, denied some things, admitted others, and pointed out glaring faults on our side the house. It wouldn't do to write all our arguments down on paper; you can form some opinion of Mr. Sampson's views by the little scraps of gossip already introduced. He told me a long yarn about a Mr. Jackson's bringing some trotting stock from America to lick all England, and how he got licked himself, much to his (Philip's) delight, because he was such a "blasted bag of wind." I don't remember anything of the kind ever being in the CLIPPER, and if it wasn't ventilated through this paper's columns, many will be inclined to doubt the whole story, your Cabin Boy amongst them. How is it?

Two o'clock having struck, Phil rose to depart, requesting my company to the Liverpool Tattersall's, or Lucas's Horse Bazaar, which was quietly assented to on my part, although had I my choice, I preferred staying to take care of the house, (?) To make a long story short, we spent the afternoon together, or part of it, when my dining time arrived, and I put for home. As I'm getting somewhat out of humor for writing, you'll have to wait for a sketch of Mr. Sampson's battles, his peculiarities, and his establishment, until next week. Are yez all agreeable?

BALL PLAY.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.—The annual meeting of this association will be held on Wednesday, the 10th day of December next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M., in the lecture room of the Mercantile Library Association (Clinton Hall,) junction of Astor place and Eighth street, in the city of New York. Delegates will please file with the undersigned, before the time of meeting, their credentials, signed by the president and secretary of their club. J. ROSS POSTLEY, Recording Secretary,
November 10, 1862. 132 Nassau street, New York city.
32-4t

ECKFORD CLUB AVERAGES OF 1862.

The following are the averages of those members of this club who have played in first nine matches during 1862:—

	Matches Played in	Hands Lost	Average and over	Runs Made	Average and over	Highest Score in a Match	Matches in which no Runs made	Most Hands Lost	Clear Scores	Home Runs	Struck Out
Beach	16	47	2-15	52	3-4	9	2	5	0	1	0
Brown	1	2	2-0	5	5-0	5	0	2	0	0	1
Burr	2	5	2-1	7	3-1	3	0	2	0	0	0
Campbell	11	43	3-10	30	2-8	10	3	6	0	1	0
Devyr	13	47	3-8	34	2-8	6	1	6	1	1	0
Grum	3	8	2-2	12	4-0	6	0	4	0	0	0
Mills	16	34	2-2	65	4-1	9	0	4	1	1	2
Manolt	15	42	2-12	57	3-12	11	1	5	0	4	0
McKinstry	4	17	4-1	8	2-0	3	0	6	0	0	0
McAuslan	1	3	3-0	7	7-0	7	0	1	0	0	0
Pidgeon	4	10	2-2	12	3-0	5	0	5	1	0	1
Reach	14	38	2-10	43	3-1	6	2	5	0	1	0
Sprague	6	16	2-4	16	2-4	4	0	4	0	0	0
Spence	11	40	3-7	27	2-5	7	0	5	0	1	3
Snyder, John	5	16	3-1	10	2-0	5	1	4	0	0	1
Snyder, Josh	2	5	2-1	3	1-1	2	0	3	0	1	1
Smith	1	2	2-2	2	2-0	2	0	2	0	0	0
Wood	14	28	2-2	58	4-2	9	1	4	1	3	1

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.—The first nine of the Eckford club have played in 15 club games, and in one picked match—their first—of which they have won all but one, viz.: the second game with the Atlantics. The clubs they defeated were the Atlantic, Mutual, Newark, Eagle, Harlem, Hudson River, of Newburgh, and Olympic, Athletic, Keystone, and Adriatic—Amalgamated Nine—of Philadelphia.

The total number of innings played in the above games (exclusive of the picked nine match in June) was 131, and the total runs obtained, 434; giving an average of 3 runs to an innings, with 41 over; or 28 to a match with 14 over. The total number of runs scored by their opponents in the same innings being 241, an average of one and some over to an innings, and 16 to a match.

Of the innings played there were 29 in which no runs were scored, an average of one to a match, with 6 over, their opponents being charged with 49 in the same innings.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were made, was 6; that of their opponents being 7.

In four games out of the 15, runs were made in all the innings; but in only one game did their opponents succeed in this way.

The highest score made in an innings was 28, and in a match 74. The lowest in a match was 5. The highest scores of their opponents were respectively 9 and 39, and the lowest score in a match 2.

Double figures were scored in single innings 8 times, in four of the games played, none being scored by their opponents.

The total number of passed balls, in the above games, on which bases were run was 102, against 106 on the part of their opponents.

The total number of fly catches made, was 112; and missed, 45. The number made on the bound was 117, against 30 that were missed.

In 12 of the above games, the Eckfords were put out on foul balls 71 times, and their opponents 76 times.

The shortest game played occupied 2 hours and 15 minutes; and the longest, 4 hours and 30 minutes.

Nine innings were played in all but two of the 15 games.

The first match was played June 5, and the last October 24.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB AVERAGES OF 1862.

The following is the corrected list of averages of this club, an error having been committed in making up the last one given:—

	Matches Played in	Hands Lost	Average and over	Runs	Average and over	Highest Score in a Match	Matches in which no Runs made	Clear Scores	Most Hands Lost	Least Hands Lost	Home Runs	Struck Out
Chapman	7	23	3-2	15	2-1	4	1	0	4	3	1	0
Crane	8	28	3-4	16	2-0	4	1	0	5	3	0	0
Massey	6	21	3-3	5	0-0	3	3	0	4	3	0	2
Oliver, John	3	10	3-1	5	1-2	4	1	0	4	.	1	0
Oliver, Jos	6	18	2-0	13	2-1	4	2	0	4	2	1	0
O'Brien, M	5	10	2-0	14	2-4	5	0	1	3	.	1	0
O'Brien, P	6	18	3-0	15	2-3	5	0	0	3	3	1	1
Pearce	7*	18	2-4	17	2-3	5	1	0	4	1	1	0
Smith, C	7	17	2-3	18	2-4	7	1	0	4	1	0	0
Smith, A	1	4	4-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	4	.	0	0
Start	4	11	2-3	4	1-0	2	1	0	5	.	0	0
Seinsoth, F	1	3	3-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	3	.	0	0
Simonson	2	7	3-1	3	1-1	3	0	0	3	3	0	0
Sebert	1	4	4-0	3	3-0	3	0	0	4	4	0	0

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.—The first nine of the Atlantic club have played five games this season, viz.: three with the Eckford, one with the Mutual, and one with the Harlem, besides taking part in three games with the Philadelphia clubs. Of the five club games played, they lost three, two with the Eckford and one with the Mutual.

The total number of innings played in the above four games was 45, and the total runs obtained, 93; giving an average of two runs to an innings and 3 over—or 17 to a match. The total number of runs by their opponents in the same innings was 60, an average only of one run to an innings, or 12 to a match.

Of the innings played, there were 15 in which no runs were made, an average of 3 to a match; their opponents being charged with 16 in the same innings.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were made was 6, that of their opponents being the same.

In no game on either side, were runs made in all the innings played, and neither side obtained double figures in any of the innings; the highest figures on the Atlantic side being 7, and on their opponents' side 7.

The highest score obtained in a match was 39, the highest on their opponents' side being 20; the lowest scores being respectively 3 and 5.

The total number of fly catches made in the above matches was 36, and of bound catches, 35; the number of the former missed being 13, and of the latter 9.

The total number of foul balls on which they were put out in the above games was 25, their opponents being similarly put out 30 times.

Nine innings were played in every game.

The total number of passed balls on which bases were run was 39, the number on the part of their opponents being 28.

The longest game occupied 3 hours in playing, and the shortest 2 hours and 15 minutes.

The first match was played July 11th, and the last Sept'r 22d.

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—The following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster in Yonkers: "Cur, as you are a man of noleg, I intend to inter my son into your skull." Whether he did so or not, we are not informed—he'd have a nice time of it.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. P., Toledo, Ohio.—The position is very good. One word regarding "blindfold games." Our object is merely to exhibit these games as mental curiosities; by no means wishing it to be understood that we consider that one in fifty will bear a thorough test of critical analysis. Do we understand the point alike? Shall be pleased to "complete the circuit" once more. Let us hear from you.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—Correction attended to, as you will perceive. Other matters will be attended to in due season.

S. E. C. C., C. W.—Position appears this week. As a first attempt, it is very creditable, although obvious to the advanced player.

A READER, Windsor, Vt.—Please inform us what number of the Ninth Volume of the CLIPPER you refer to; and we will transfor the information as soon thereafter as possible.

C. ALLEN, Roxbury.—The positions in the Midnight Encounter with Joshua Sturges are as follows:—

POSITION FIRST.

White man on 13: Kings on 2, 4 and 29.
Black men on 6, 16 and 18; Black King on 15.
Black to move and win all White's men in eight moves.

POSITION SECOND.

White men on 1 and 4; White Kings on 17, 20, 21 and 28.
Black men on 6, 11 and 27; Black Kings on 10, 18 and 30.
Black to move and win.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the game published last week, please read "*Black Wins.*"

GAME No. 34—VOL. X.

SINGLE CORNER.*

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	14.. 5 to 14	25 to 22
2..15 22	25 18	15..11 15	30 25
3.. 8 11	29 25	16..15 24	28 19
4.. 4 8	24 20	17.. 8 11	22 18
5..10 15	26 22	18..14 17	21 14
6.. 6 10	27 24	19..10 17	25 21
7..10 14	24 19	20..17 22	26 17
8..15 24	28 19	21..13 22	19 15
9.. 7 10	31 26(A)	22..11 16	20 11
10.. 3 7	32 28	23.. 7 16	15 10
11.. 9 13	18 9	24..22 26	18 15
12.. 5 14	22 18	25..26 31	
13.. 1 5	18 9	Drawn.	

(A)

9..	32 23	11.. 1 6†	31 26
10.. 3 7	28 24	12.. 9 13	White wins.

† Mr. Drummond declares that this move loses the game for Black.

* Mr. D. calls this opening, LOLA MONTEZ. Why?

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 34—Vol. X.

BY H. L.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..19 to 15	28 to 19	6..12 to 16	4 to 11
2.. 7 11	16 20	7..16 30	20 24
3..10 7	19 10	8..32 28	24 27
4.. 3 8	10 3	9..30 26	22 31
5..11 7	3 10	10..22 32	and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 99th POSITION.

White.	Black
1..26 to 22	18 to 25
2..19 16	12 19

White wins.

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

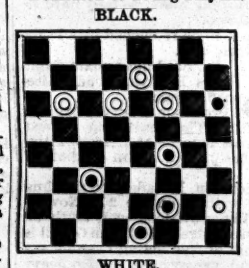
Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
3.. 8 11	29 25
4.. 4 8	24 20

POSITION No. 35—Vol. X.

BY S. E. C. C., CANADA WEST.

Dedicated to Young Players.

BLACK.

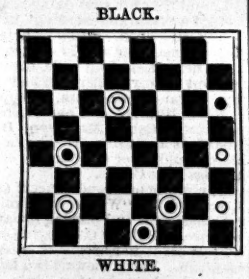


WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE 100th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 357.

BY J. G. SCHULTZ.

The author of this Enigma has recently published in Stockholm, a collection of 100 problems of his own composition; many of them of superior merit. "The following," says Loewenthal, who copies it in the *Era*, "is a very excellent stratagem, remarkable both for its difficulty and ingenuity:"

at his R 2, her R sq, K B sq, K Kt 3, Q R 8, K B 7, Q 5, Q B 5, and White P's at Q B 6, and K Kt 4th.

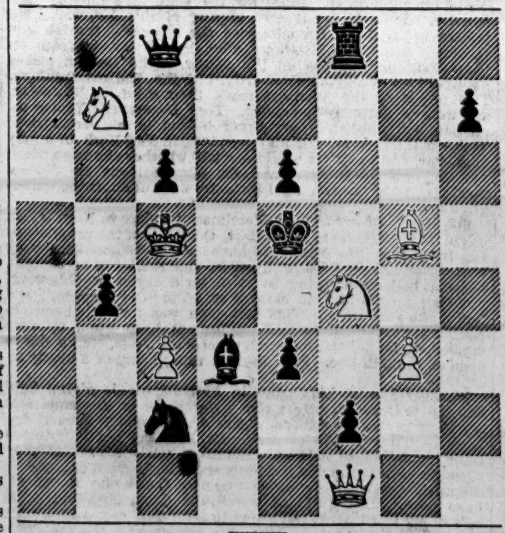
at Q Kt sq, Q R 5, Q B 6, K 5, Q R 2, Q Kt 4, Q B 2, K 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 357.

BY CHAS. A. GILBERG.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 357.

A highly amusing and sparkling skirmish between our contributor John Schlesinger and Jas. Thompson, Esq., since the latter's return from Europe.

CENTRE COUNTER-GAMBIT.

Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Thompson.	Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Thompson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q to her Kt 3	K R to Q sq
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4 (a)	12..Castles, K R	K B × Kt
3..K P × P best	P-K 5 (b)	13..Kt P × B	K-his B sq
4..K Kt-K 5	Q × Q 3d P	14..P-K B 3	B-K B 4
5..P-Q 4 (c)	P-Q Kt 4 (d)	15..B P × P	B × K P
6..Q B-K 3	K Kt-B 3	16..K R × Kt (g)	Q B-Q 4
7..P-Q B 4	K B-Kt 5 +	17..K B × B dis +	Kt P × R
8..Q Kt-B 3	Kt P × P	18..K B-Kt 8 (h)	K R-Q 4
9..K B × P	Q-her R 4 (e)	19..K B × R	B P × Kt
10..B × B P + (f)	K-his 2	20..R-K B sq +	K-his 2, and the Attack mates in four moves.

(a) "It is rather singular that so practised and experienced a player as Mr. T. should resort to such an evasion of the Evans or Ruy Lopez, attack. But in the late match with the Paulsen Club he must have come to the conclusion that the Sicilian and French Defences would not serve his turn, and now seems to be at a loss what to reply to 2..K Kt to B 3d."—J. S.

Our idea of this matter is a little different from that of our contributor. We fancy that having found the young players of the Paulsen, and Morphy "too well up" against the dodges of the abominations named, and too powerful to be pleasant in the attacks cited, he thought to try an opening analyzed in the older classics to exhaustion, and now fallen into desuetude; hoping to lead them into some specious but premature attack, and so crush them with a counter-assault, from a source with which they were not familiar.

(b) *Mirabile dictu!* Assuming our position above to be the correct one, we are truly astonished to see the veteran himself, in an opening of his own choosing, the first to run off the track, at the third move only, and that to the extent of completely compromising his game. Jœnisch told us, fifteen years ago, that this move would cost a P; that 2..Q takes Q 2d P were much better; but that, even then, the vicious defence 2..P to Q 4th would be irreparable—still the Attack, if unversed in this *debut*, might easily err. Maj. J. proves his propositions thus:—

3..	P to K 5	5..Q Kt to B 3 *best*	Q to K 2 (1)
4..Q to K 2	K Kt-B 3	6..K Kt-Q 4, with best game.	

(1) If Defence 5..K B to 2, 6..Q Kt takes P with best game.

The best that can be made of the opening is as follows:—

3..	Q takes Q 2d P	9..K R to K sq	Q B to Q 3
4..Q Kt to B 3	Q-K 3	10..Q Kt-K 4	P-K B 4
5..B-Kt 5 + *best*	Q B-Q 2	11..P-Q 5	Q-K Kt 3
6..Castles *best*	P-Q R 3 *best*	12..Q Kt × B +	B P × Kt
7..B × B × *best*	Q Kt × B	13..P-Q Kt 4	K Kt-B 3
8..P-Q 4	Castles	14..P-Q B 4, and if the Defence reply 14..P to K 5th, 15..K Kt to Q 8th: and if 14..Q Kt to Kt 3d, then 15..Q B to K sq, K Kt to Q 2d, 16..P to Q B 4th, and the Attack has, both ways, the better game.	

In the Handbuch, 3d Ed., this last variation is continued from the 6th move, thus:—

6..	Q B × B	9..P to Q 4	P to Q R 3
7..Q Kt × B	K B-Q 3	10..Q P × P	B P × P
8..K R-K sq	P-K B 3	11..K Kt × P, and wins. (fine)	

Lastly, the 3d Defence, P to K 5 (*b*), the Handbuch continues thus:—

4..Q to K 2	Q to K 2	7..K Kt to B 3	Q to K 2
5..K Kt-Q 4	K Kt-B 3	8..K Kt-his 5	Q B-B 4
6..Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 4	9..Q-her Kt 5 +, has best game	

(c) The Attacks four moves, of which this is the second, are bold, novel, and ingenious.

(d) *Bizarre.* With such moves Mr. T. used sometimes to defeat Mr. Mantin, with the mere idea that some terribly overwhelming attack was now organized for his destruction; but the speculation proves a failure against the keen-sighted and thoroughly-read students the Paulsen and Morphy send forth to conquest.

(e) Might about as well have put her in his pocket—still, the move has an apparent force.

(f) From this point to the end the Attack is of the most sparkling and entertaining description.

(g) Will give mate in two moves—if Kt P take R.

(h) Very neat and very conclusive.

Game played at Rome between Marmaduke Wyvil, Esq., M. P., and Signor Dubois.—*Bell's Life.*

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Wyvill.	Dubois.	Wyvill.	Dubois.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q to her B 2	K Kt to K 5
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	16..K R × Kt	Q P × R
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	17..Q × K P	Q B-B 4
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	18..Q × Q Kt P	Q R-Kt sq
5..K Kt-K 5	P-K R 4	19..Q × R P	Q Kt-B 3
6..K B-B 4	K R-his 2	20..Q-R 3 +	Q-K 2
7..P-Q 4	P-K B 6	21..P-Q Kt 4	K B × P
8..P-K Kt 3	Q Kt-B 3	22..Q P × B	Kt × K P
9..K Kt-his 6	K B-Kt 2	23..Q B-Kt 5	Q-her 3
10..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	24..Q Kt-Q 2	Kt × K B
11..Q-her B 2	B P × Kt	25..Q Kt × Kt	Q × K Kt P
12..P-K 5	P-Q 4	26..P-Kt 5 +	K-Kt sq, and Wyvill resigns. An elegantly played Defence.
13..Q × Kt P +	K-his B sq		
14..K R-K sq, K B sq (i)	Q Kt-K 2		

(i) He castles thus, on the courteous principle of "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

ENGLISH CHESS NEWS IN BRIEF.—A new club has been opened at the Working Men's College, Wolverhamton. The members meet on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The President is John Neve, Esq.; the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, William Crowther Umbers, Esq. On Wednesday Nov. 12, two interesting match games in the Tournament were played at the St. James's Chess Club. The gentleman who engaged, were Mr. Perceval against Mr. Sich, and Mr. Young against Mr. Stewart. A consultation game was played by Sig. Dubois and Mr. F. Deacon against Mr. Loewenthal. The contest was arranged simply to test the validity of a new variation recently discovered by Mr. Loewenthal. The result seemed to establish the safety of the variation In the match between Mr. S. Green and Mr. Loewenthal, only one game has been played, the result being a draw.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MR. WILLIAMSON.

Born in England, and made his first appearance on the stage in 1795, at the Covent Ganden Theatre, London. Made his *debut* in America, December 30, 1796, as Tom Tug, in "The Waterman," at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston. First appeared in New York in 1797, at the John street Theatre, as Tom Tug.

J. BROWN WILLIAMSON.

Made his first appearance on the American stage, January 25, 1796, at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, as Othello. Died at Charleston, S. C., March 26, 1802, while a member of the Theatre.

MRS. J. B. WILLIAMSON.

Maiden name Fontenelle. Came to America with her husband and made her *debut* January 25, 1796, as Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child," at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, and it was one of the most brilliant and astonishing displays of theatrical genius ever exhibited to an American audience. First appeared in New York, at the John street Theatre, as Priscilla Tom-boy, in "The Romp." Died at Charleston, S. C., October 31, 1799.

MR. GEO. STANLEY.

Born in England, and made his first appearance on the American stage, September 30, 1810, as Sir Anthony Absolute, in "The Rivals," at the Park Theatre, New York. First appeared in London, October 9, 1834, as Nicholas Trefoil, in "Before Breakfast," at the Lyceum Theatre. Died in 1820.

MRS. STANLEY.

Born in the city of Bath, England, and made her *debut* October 28, 1806, at Boston, as Letitia Hardy. First appeared in New York, September 30, 1810, at the Park Theatre, as Julia, in "The Rivals." After the death of her husband, she returned to England and retired to private life, at Kirkham, Lancashire. In her, the charms of an elegant and interesting figure, a perfect knowledge of stage costume and manners, gestures and action, attempered with the graceful charms of ease, and wonderful powers of conception, were united. The natural tone of her voice was remarkably sweet and pleasant, but not sufficiently extensive to admit of much inflection, and this occasioned an unpleasant monotony in her recitation.

MR. STANLEY.

Made his first appearance on the stage at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Lord Stanley, in "Richard III," which proved a complete failure, owing to his "breaking down" in the character. He afterwards became Prompter. He then went to New Orleans, and was Stage Manager of the American Theatre, where he died in 1850.

MONSIEUR ACHILLE.

Born in France, and was a dancer of much repute on the Parisian stage. Made his *debut* on the American stage at the Bowery Theatre, New York, March 1, 1827. Made his *debut* in Philadelphia, July 11, 1827, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in a grand Pas de Deux. His agility was astonishing. Returned to England in 1830.

MADAME ACHILLE.

Born in Paris, and made her first appearance on the American stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, March 1, 1827. First appeared in Philadelphia, July 11, 1827, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in a grand Pas de Deux. She was a dancer of more than ordinary merit. Every movement was modeled after those of the fair danseuse who once sported on the Ionian hills. Returned with her husband to England in 1830.

MR. ADCOCK.

Born in England, and made his first appearance on the American stage, September 5, 1752, at Williamsburgh, Va., appearing as Mercury, in "Lethe." Made his *debut* in New York, September 17, 1753, as Humphreys, in "The Conscious Lovers."

MD'LLE CAROLINE ALAINO.

Born at Palermo, in 1832, and made her *debut* at the Theatre Carolino, at Palermo, in a performance for the benefit of the poor. Her success, which was marked, decided her vocation, and she was educated at Florence, where she made her artistic

debut in the Theatre Pergola, in the "Medea" of Pacini, a role which requires high tragic powers, as well as great vocal ability. She was much praised by the very fastidious audience of Florence, and afterwards sang at Modena, Rome, Padua, &c., and other Italian cities, in such Operas as Macbeth, Gemma di Vergy, etc. She was induced to visit America by Mr. Maretzek, and made her first appearance on the American stage, April 25, 1859, as Norma, at the Academy of Music, New York.

MISS CAROLINE TYSON.

Born in Pennsylvania, and made her first appearance on the stage, December 1, 1854, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Juliana, in the "Honey Moon." On August 19, 1856, she became a permanent member of the Stock Company at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, making her *debut* as Constantia, in "The Man of the World."

Retired from the profession in 1857, and was living for a while, with her parents, on a farm in the State of Pennsylvania.

Her timidity and beauty prepossessed the audience in her favor, her powers promised to become more charming, and she was heard with a degree of partiality by all that were willing to encourage a noviciate—and in Philadelphia they always compose a majority of the audience. Her deportment and figure were easy and genteel; she spoke, if not with energy, at least with elegance; and upon the whole acquited herself exceedingly well.

Returned to the stage in 1860, and in July was married to Frederick S. Hill, of the Boston *Saturday Express*.

P. C. CUNNINGHAM.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, and made his first appearance on any stage, February 16th, 1835, at the Warren Theatre, Boston. From the very lowest rounds of the ladder, he soon, by severe study, attracted the notice of the audiences, and the press was unanimous in its encouragement of his endeavors. He soon left the "Warren" for the "Tremont," then *the* establishment of the United States. Here he remained for four years, improving rapidly in the school of such artists as the lamented Finn, John Gilbert, Henry Smith, G. H. Barrett, &c., then the best comedy company in the country. Leaving Boston, he went to Mitchell's Olympic, New York, where he remained for some months, and created a sensation in old men and Irish characters not easily forgotten. In 1840 he was at Niblo's Garden, where he became a great favorite.

Mr. C. then took a trip across the Atlantic, visited England, Ireland and Scotland. Returning to New York, he re-joined Mitchell's, and was very successful. From New York we trace him to Cincinnati, where he became manager of the Museum, and carried it safely through a most successful season.

On the opening of the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1852, he became a member of the company, making his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience, August 21, as Gibby, in "The Wonder." In December, 1852, he married Miss Virginia Howard, a talented and promising actress.

Mr. Cunningham's versatility renders him an invaluable member of a company. He plays with equal facility, comic and serious old men, dialect parts, and eccentric comedy. He is particularly excellent in the delineation of Scotch characters.

JOHN A. STILL.

Made his first appearance on the American stage in 1824, at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, as a tenor singer. Retired from the profession, and occasionally appeared in concert rooms. He also taught music in the South. Died on Sunday, March 18, 1849, of cholera, at New Orleans. The style of Mr. Still was natural and simple, but extremely graceful. It was winning, not dazzling; tenderness and sweetness predominated. Others may possess more science, none could have more harmony and flexibility of voice. Sweeter tones cannot well be conceived—he possessed the merit of completely identifying himself with his songs. This we regard as the great test of a singer. A real vocalist must possess both talent and feeling. Mr. Still united them.

JOHN WOODHULL.

Born in New York State, and made his first appearance on the stage in 1827, at the Park Theatre, New York. Died in New York in 1838. He was a brother of Jacob Woodhull. John was a fine, tall-figured man, and was gifted with an excellent study.

JACOB WOODHULL.

Right name Wood, was born in the State of New York, and descended from a Quaker family. Made his first appearance on the stage as Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved," at the Park Theatre, New York. It was for this gentleman's benefit in 1826, at the Park Theatre, that Mr. Edwin Forrest made his bow to a New York audience—appearing as Othello. In 1832 was manager of the Richmond Hill Theatre, New York.

Died of cholera at New York, August 31, 1832.

HENRY VIEUXTEMPS.

One of the most distinguished violinists of modern times, was born at Vevieres, in 1820.

Beriot having heard him play while a mere boy, received him as his pupil. Before he was twelve years old, Beriot pronounced his education finished, and returned him to his father, who then commenced an artistic tour with him to Belgium, and afterwards to Vienna. From Vienna, he went to Dresden, Leipzic, and Berlin; and then to Russia, where he remained a number of years. He subsequently made a journey of several years' duration, in the course of which he visited America in 1845. Here his performances elicited the warmest approbation from artists and amateurs, though he failed to make upon the general public an impression as favorable as had been produced by much inferior performers.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, November 15.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

25.—Patsey Reardon and Jem Dillon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home Circuit.

—.—Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Championship, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The forthcoming battle for the Champion's belt is definitely fixed to take place during the week originally named, and a route chosen that will guarantee the affair coming off to a certainty—at least, as far as can be foreseen. Such prudential steps will be taken that no interruption need be anticipated from those "whose absence is most desirable." Tom King is, from all reports, in the most excellent condition, and confident, from his last battle with the Champion, that he will bring the issue off in his favor. It is openly asserted, by persons in a position for knowing, that Tom Sayers will be in the corner with King, and give him the full benefit of his knowledge and experience. Jem Mace is still at Newmarket, and full of health and condition, expressing himself sanguine of his ability to win the "second game" for the belt from his old opponent. Mr. Coney, his backer, was with Mace on Tuesday last, and will pay him another visit to-morrow. The betting is of a very diversified character, as well as limited. As little as level money has been taken by some of the partisans of King, while, in another instance, as much as 2 to 1 has been laid upon Mace. In certain districts of the North, King is decidedly the favorite. During the ensuing week, however, matters will no doubt settle down, and a fair and average standard of betting be returnable. Great things are expected to transpire on Wednesday night next, at the final deposit, which will take place at Mr. Richardson's, Shoreditch, when the last £25 a side has to be posted. The counsellors of the men are most actively engaged in concluding all preliminary arrangements, and late last evening we were assured that the means of locomotion had been decided upon. In the meantime, we may as well remind those of our country readers intending to witness this exciting battle, that *they must be in London on Sunday night week*, at the latest, if they really wish to make everything comfortable for themselves.

RING ON DITS.

SCHOOLEY AND INNES, £15 A-SIDE, HULL.—The match between the above men, at catch-weight, will take place on Tuesday, Nov. 18, in the Hull circuit.

BOYLE AND OWEN.—The stakeholder now has £6 on the part of Boyle, and £5 on behalf of Owen, for their match, which takes place in the Manchester district, on Monday, Nov. 17.

JEM DILLON AND PATSEY REARDON, £100 A-SIDE, at 10st, 2lb, Home Circuit.—The deposit due this week has been put down, and the final deposit of £20 a-side has to be posted on Thursday, Nov. 20. Reardon is training at Mr. Garratt's, Wandsworth, and Dillon at Hammersmith; and the advices from the head-quarters of both men are of the most satisfactory description. The colors of the men are out.

JEM GOLLAGHER AND JACK HICKS, £100 A-SIDE, at 9st, Home Circuit.—The deposit due at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell-lane, was made good, and the final, of £10 a-side, must be put down during the ensuing week. The place of weighing has to be named by Mr. Ward, for Gollagher, at the same time.

YOUNG BROOME AND THE UNKNOWN, £50 A-SIDE, at catch-weight, Home Circuit.—The deposit due on Thursday, Nov. 13, was posted at Alec Keene's, and another, of £5 a-side, has to be staked on Thursday next, at Harry Brunton's.

JACK HARTLEY AND SIMON FINIGHTY, £25 A-SIDE, at 7st, 13lb, Home Circuit.—The deposit due on Wednesday, Nov. 12, was made good, and another of £2 10s a side, has to be staked on Wednesday next, at Mr. Boston's, Shoreditch.

JACK PATRICK AND WILLIAM FOLEY are matched to fight on Monday, Nov. 24, in the Midland District, at catch-weight, for £5 a-side. Both are in active training, and as they are known to be good lads, a great treat is anticipated from them by the fancy.

COOKEY AND DICK FELLOWS.—These Birmingham men have signed articles to fight at 8st 10lb, for £10 a-side, and weigh the day before fighting. To come off in the Midland Circuit on Tuesday, December 16.

FRANK WILSON AND YOUNG RUSTY.—Tom Cooper, of the Market Hall Tavern, Birmingham, has made a match for Mat Collinson's Mouse to fight Young Rusty, at catch-weight, for £15 a-side, over ten and within twenty miles of Birmingham; the mill to take place on Monday, February 2, 1863, and the lads to be in the ring between eight and ten o'clock, A. M.

THE VETERAN BOWEY TAYLOR and PAT DUFFY, both of Birmingham, are matched to fight at catch-weight, for £10 a-side, December 15.

JOE GOSS AND POSH PRICE.—We are pleased to learn that there is every prospect of these "big 'uns" at last getting together. Both are paying strict attention to their training, Goss at Wolverhampton, and Price at Mr. White's, St. George's, Birmingham. They are reported well, and very eager for the fray, which is again exciting much interest.

THE RING IN AUSTRALIA.

From Bell's Life in Victoria.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Last evening, September 12, there "met by chance" at Tom Curran's, Harry Sallars, Jem Sullivan, Charley Brook, and a few patrons of the P. R. In the course of conversation, Jem Sullivan, not to be confounded with Jack Sullivan, who fought Dave White, stated that he was open to receive a challenge to fight any one for the Championship, and offered to deposit £50 to make a match to fight for £200. At a later period of the evening, Sullivan, accompanied by his backers, waited on us, and deposited £5 to fight Harry Sallars or any one else, for £200 a-side and the Championship of Victoria.

DAVE WHITE AND JACK SULLIVAN.—We learn by telegram from Sydney, that the stakes in the great fight for £1,000 were paid over to White, at Sullivan's hostelry, on Monday evening last, September 1, when as Sullivan expressed himself dissatisfied with his late defeat, a fresh match was made for £300 a-side, to come off within a month.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT BY A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.—A young gentleman, afflicted as before stated, recently performed the feat of walking from Edinburgh to London, the particulars of which we give in a condensed form, abbreviated from a lengthened account given in the *Sporting Life* of Nov. 12. The hero of the feat says:—"I left Edinburgh at 10, P. M., on Tuesday, Oct. 7, and walked all night to Ancroft, in Northumberland, without halting or rest. I walked seventy-two miles that night. On leaving Ancroft the next day, I walked to Newham Hall. I left Newham Hall at 10, P. M., and walked all night to Durham, without food, rest, or sleep. I walked eighty-four miles, from Ancroft to Durham, without going to bed. I stayed all night at Durham, and started on foot the next day for Yarm. I walked only thirty-one miles that day. I stayed two nights at Yarm. I left Yarm on Oct. 13, and walked all day to York. I walked forty-three miles that day. On leaving York, the day after, I walked thirty-seven miles to Doncaster, where I put up for the night. I left Doncaster, and walked to Wentworth, where I stayed five days. On Oct. 15, I walked only nineteen miles; on the 16th, four miles; 17th, 18th, and 19th, I rested. I left Wentworth on Monday, the 20th, and walked back to Doncaster. I walked only twenty-two miles that day. I stayed one night at Doncaster, and started on foot in the morning for Newark. I walked forty-eight miles that day. On leaving Newark the next day, I walked thirty five miles to Stamford, where I remained one night. I made up my mind not to rest myself at any place on the road between Stamford and London. I was also determined to walk more than 100 miles at one time. I left Stamford at nine o'clock, A. M., on Thursday, Oct. 23, and walked, by very long roads, through Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, and entered London at King's Cross Railway Station, in Middlesex, on Friday, Oct. 24, at two o'clock, P. M. I got my very heavy travelling bag at King's Cross, which was forwarded from Edinburgh to London by rail, and, having paid the carriage of the bag, I carried it in my hand for seven hours about the streets of London. From Stamford to London, I walked no less than 130 miles, in thirty-six hours, without halting, rest, food, or sleep, and without going to bed. I was by no means fatigued. I could still walk many more miles. I could dance the Highland fling after I had walked 130 miles. My feet and shoes were both in perfect condition. I was in great health and in fine spirits.

"I was never trained. I was only in the habit of walking between ten and thirty miles every day in Scotland, for six months, on a tour of visits to my friends. My physician, of Edinburgh, who has known me for the last five years, told me that if I dared to walk all the way to London, it would perhaps be my death; but I myself perfectly knew I was quite able to walk all the way from Edinburgh to London without being wearied. I visited the Great Exhibition for the first time on Monday, October 27, and continued to visit it every day until the close of the exhibition. I was very much pleased with my six visits. I walked no less than forty miles within the Great Exhibition building, having visited all parts of the departments and refreshment-rooms. I walked five miles an hour by moonlight, but I walked only three miles an hour in a moonless night. I walked four miles an hour in the daylight. I prefer to walk by moonlight, because I can walk much better and quicker in the moonlight than in the daylight. I walked so far from Edinburgh to London for pure ambition. I am a native of Northumberland, but have been a resident in Scotland nearly all my life. Walking, instead of my profession, is only my amusement and pleasure. I was unfortunately born deaf and dumb. Notwithstanding this affliction, I am very happy, cheerful, and lively. I am now twenty-three years of age. I had nine walking days—from Edinburgh to London—at the rate of sixty miles a day. I had other eight days to stay with my friends, at their own request. I walked 535 miles, from Edinburgh to London. I was never in a hurry about walking to London until October, because I knew it was the best time for walking, without the inconvenience of either too much heat or cold."

The young gentleman entered into very minute particulars, both in writing and *illustration*—the latter most energetically—as to his style of walking, and showed us on his feet the identical shoes in which he performed the feat. He kept a small box of grease in his pocket for the purpose of greasing the uppers every night, and he also carried a flask of whiskey, for moistening the inside of his shoes. People wondered, he said, that he did not consume the "national spirit" by the mouth, instead of pouring it into his shoes, which they considered a great sacrifice. He totally ignores the use of the soap for the feet, and backs whiskey against anything. At the request of a young friend of his, he carried a small bottle of brandy, in case he might feel faint, but he never once required its stimulating aid the whole of the journey.

AQUATICS.

EXCITING SCULLERS' RACE.

The aquatic season on the Thames was brought to a a close on Nov. 10, the chief event of the day being a sculling match between Frank Kilsby and W. Spencer, for £50, from Putney Aqueduct to the Old Ship at Mortlake. Frank Kilsby is a waterman's apprentice, of the Old Barge House; was twenty-one years of age on Novemberr 4; is 5ft. 9in. in height, and about 9st in rowing condition, and his victory over Spencer on September 22, was his maiden performance in public. W. Spencer, of the Temple, is twenty-five years of age, 5ft. 10in. in height, and on the present occasion weighed about 10st 5lb. He has been before the public some time, having rowed several successful matches with Bradley, May, and others. The attendance of spectators was large, and the betting brisk at 6 to 4 on Kilsby. After considerable delay, the start was prepared for at 4:15, when, the positions of the men having been taken—Spencer on the Middlesex shore—some manœuvring for the start ensued, and they had to back to the starting point a couple of times before they could get off level for

THE RACE.

The boats were as nearly level as possible for about 150 yards, when Spencer began to forge a little ahead, and was half a length in front at the Dukes Head. Both had every muscle at work—Spencer to increase his advantage, Kilsby to hold his own. Opposite Simmonds', Spencer put on a spurt, and drew away from Kilsby, who, answering by another dashing effort, regained his old position, half a length behind his antagonist. Nearing the London Boat-house, the positions of the men were reversed, for Spencer had drawn himself clear, and, just escaping a foul, let Kilsby take the Middlesex shore. Immediately opposite the boat-house, Spencer touched a couple of barges that were moored off the bank, which threw him out of his stroke for a short time. Kilsby took advantage of the *contretemps*, and went up a trifle inside, but Spencer soon got to his work again, and drew away, leading by his own length. A good race ensued from this time until nearing the point, where Spencer again took the Middlesex shore, and there was no change whatever past Craven Cottage and the Dung-wharf. The only alteration perceptible was on the occasion of either making a spurt, which advantage was immediately negatived by a corresponding effort by the other sculler. On shooting over, Kilsby made a tremendous effort, and overlapped the stem of Spencer's boat, but Spencer getting into his course on the Surrey shore, again led the way, by his own length. Opposite the Crab Tree, Kilsby once again tried to go past, but it was not "all out" of Spencer, who answered Driver's call by "putting it on," and maintained his lead by a good half length. Nearing the Soap-works, Kilsby rowed into the stream; Spencer kept a good course close to the shore, and on Kilsby again turning in, there was a length difference. Approaching Hammersmith Bridge, Kilsby, who rowed very gamely, pressed Spencer very hard at times, being slightly over his stern, and a slight touch took place immediately before, as well as another under the bridge, which was reached in 10 min. 32 sec. The friends of Spencer put down the race as a certainty in their favor, not only on his rowing qualifications, but on account of "the alleged foul." The race, however, continued in all its vigor, and Kilsby, who was full of rowing, came out from the shore immediately after shooting the bridge, to avoid the wash of Spencer's sculls. The race was now of the most exciting character, and the cheers for and shouts to each man beggar all description, all that could be heard being a deafening uproar, interspersed here and there with "Go it, Spencer!" "Bravo, Frank!" when a slight lull took place. The race was of unwonted severity past Hammersmith Mall, &c., and nearing the Chiswick Water works, each did his utmost to bring off the victory in his favor. It was soon evident, from the pace at which thep were rowing, and the evenness of their powers, that the turning-point of the contest had arrived, and that one must give way, which was the case, for, inch by inch, Kilsby drew up, until he became level at the bottom of Chiswick Ait, when they rowed for a few strokes perfectly level. The youngster, however, rowed the longest, and gradually went past Spencer, and led him by his own length at the top of the Ait. The water through Chiswick Ait was lumpy, and they met a strong northwester, which did not improve Spencer's chance when he was rowed out. The same distance in advance was held by Kilsby past Chiswick Church, after which he laid himself down to his work, and was a length clear at Corney Point, which lead, despite all Spencer's spurts, was increased to three lengths at Barnes Bridge, which was reached in exactly twenty-three minutes. No change took place after the above point, and Kilsby, although rather closely pressed, won by about five boats' lengths, in 27 min. 29 sec., which is very good time, considering the wind out and the slackness of the tide.

CHAMPION SWIMMING MATCH.—On Thursday evening, Nov. 13, there was an excellent attendance at the Leaf-street Baths, Manchester, to witness the match between H. Gardner, of London, and E. B. Mather, of Manchester, for the sum of £50 a side and the champion's splendid silver cup, which for some time has been held by Gardner. The conditions of the match were that they should swim twenty lengths of the bath (500 yards.) There was no betting on the affair, offers of 2 and 3 to 1 on Gardner meeting no takers. The cup, which is of silver, was exhibited in the lodge of the baths, and was manufactured at a cost of £25. It was first contested for on Sept. 26, 1861, when it was won by Donovan, of London, who had to give up possession of it from leaving the country. On being again thrown open, it was won by Aspinwall, of Pendleton, who was afterwards defeated by Gardner, since which time there had been no competition until that evening. All the usual preliminaries having been arranged, and Mr. R. Elton agreed on as referee, Mather was the first to put in an appearance in company with his trainer, the once-celebrated Charley Jones, of pugilistic renown; and was soon followed by Gardner, in company with his backer and trainer, Mr. Beckwith, the celebrated London swimmer. They at once took up their positions on the platform erected at one end of the baths; and on the signal being given by pistol, Mather was the first in the water; Gardner, however, soon took the lead, and when they had gone about four lengths of the baths, he was six or seven yards in advance. From this point, the match needs little description, as Gardner got away gradually from his opponent at every stroke, and eventually won in a very easy manner.

HOW THEY GO TO BED.

The difference between a man and a woman in disposition, finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them is retiring to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the doors and arranges the window curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer by or a belated nocturnal wanderer, from the pavement, can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when in *en dishabille*. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a "horrible bug-bear," or a "desperate ruffian," in big whiskers, and crisp black hair. Carefully with her delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valance, peers into places where even Tom Thumb could not squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a cursory peep into the half emptied trunk, not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of "the silk and linen conventionalities of society." First she relieves her glossy hair of the pins and combs which enthrall it, and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little collar, and the light vapory cloud of lace she calls undersleeves, which all the day have been clasped around her white, plump arms, by a couple of India rubber straps. Next, the love of a spring silk dress is unfastened in front. Then sundry waist strings and button straps are loosed, and lo! what a collapse like that of Lowe's big balloon. She stands like Saturn, the centre of rings. There they lie upon the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen underfixings and overfixings, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now upon the edge of the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing of gaiters, and the disrobing of those fair swelling limbs of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee—down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic, and her thumb inserted at the top of the stocking, pushes it down—down over the heel, and the cotton rests beside the prunella. So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of position.

There is a smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face, now, as standing before the glass, she places upon her head the night cap, and with a quick twist of her fingers ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom, and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down—very, very low—and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams.

Now, in the room directly above her is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in the way, pulls off his boots and throws them into a corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lie there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick, vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly with the tie, at, rather than on, the table; travels to the window in his shirt extremity to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies so a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the tucking in of the bed clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is—asleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.

Isn't there a difference in style?

DRAMATIC ITEMS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"Damon and Pythias," by Richard Edwards, was printed in 1570, with a collection of tales.

In 1593, Shakespeare began to attract notice, as a dramatic poet. The old "Chronicle History of King Lear," was published in 1594. Shakespeare produced his tragedy on the same subject in 1605. The first was played by Henslaw's company, on the 6th of April, 1593, one year before its publication.

"The History of Error" was played at Hampton Court, 1576. Shakespeare founded his "Comedy of Errors" upon this old English play, both of which, however, are founded upon the Menechimi of Plautus.

Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was refused by the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, as being too indecent. One of them called it a dirty opera, the index to "Billingsgate's Calendar!"

The first English actress that appeared upon the stage, was a Mrs. Coleman, who, in 1658, performed the part of Ianthe, in Sir William Davenant's play of the Siege of Rhodes.

John Liston, Momus' godson, was a school-master.

Miracle plays were performed in England as early as 1119. A nun of the name of Roswetha, wrote plays in Lower Saxony in the 10th century. Some of the incidents in the miracle plays as well as their titles, are truly laughable. A stage direction to a pageant is, "Enter a boy and a pig." "Christ's Baptism and Temptation," is the title of another miracle play, in which we find the following:

——"Lord Lucifer that out of hell cam,
Prince of the world, and gret duke of helle!"

Extract from a bill of items, made out in 1502, for a theatrical representation, or mask of some kind:

	l	*s*	*d*
19 Henry VIII. Jany.—			
To litell Mayden the tumbler	1	0	0
To Vinecorpes, the tumbler, in reward	1	0	0
To Wat, the luter, that played the fole	0	13	4
To a Spaniard that tumbled before the King	0	10	0

In 1625, the Bishop of Exeter wrote from Tewkesbury in order to ascertain the pleasure of the King, "Whether shall we appoynte any lord of mysrule for the said honorable householde, to provide for interludes, dysgysings or playes in the said fest, or for a banket on Twelf Nyght?"

An interlude called "Jack Jugler," was played in 1520; it is taken from a "goodly comedy of one Plautus."

We find in a collection of old English plays, some of which were printed in 1592, one entitled the "Blind Beggars of Bethnal Green!" Also one printed in 1601, entitled "Robin Hood;" and in 1600, one with the name Skakespeare on the title page, called "The First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle." A pamphlet, published in 1592, contains the earliest notice of Shakespeare; it is entitled "A Groat's Worth of Wit;" wherein he is alluded to as the "only shake-scene in a country!" In 1588, was published a tract called the "Triumph of Time;" Shakespeare founded his "Winter's Tale" on this tract. In 1606, was printed a tract by Thomas Dekker, called "News from Helle!" The "Taming of the Shrew," by Shakespeare, is almost verbatim from a copy of the old "Taming of the Shrew," printed in 1594; it is a great curiosity, a copy of which was sold, in 1817, for £20, at a book sale in London.

Blank verse was first employed in plays performed at the public theatres of London, about the year 1586. The evidence of this fact is contained in the Epistle, by Thomas Nash, to the gentlemen students of the universities; printed in 1587.

Queen Elizabeth established a series of musical and dramatic entertainments, 1571.

"Eastward Ho!" was produced in 1605, which gave rise to some offence. Sir James Murray, a Scotchman, considered himself and countrymen insulted therein, and represented it in so strong a light to the King, that orders were immediately given to arrest the author.

"Henry the Fourth," "first part, owes its origin to Hollingshead's Chronicles," and an anonymous play, exhibited before the immortal bard became a writer for the stage, entitled "The Famous Victories of Henry Fifth," containing the honorable battle of Agincourt. Shakespeare has made liberal use of the design of this play, and his ideas are frequently the same as the unknown dramatist's. Falstaff and Poins, Bardolph and Petro, are substitutes for Ned, Tom, and John Oldcastle, Sir Gadshell, in the old play.

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

The following is from the Louisville *Journal* of 1858. The hero of the adventure was the son of Mr. Prentice, of the *Journal*, who was recently killed:—

"At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark, deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst Bengal lights have been thrown down to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephen, who was deemed inaccessible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor—a learned and bold man—resolved to do what no one before him had dared, and making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope, a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn up. No human power could ever induce him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A short time ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The rope and necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock attached to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible from masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened round his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of rocks went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he was in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor, beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than any ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave—also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as the virgin snow. Making himself heard with great effort by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit.

Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let go, and it swung out apparently above his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far as possible over the verge without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this cave, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit. He fastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon the pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril.

When he was ninety feet from the top of the pit, and one hundred feet from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and to him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished by a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome with fatigue, sank down upon the ground; and his friend, Prof. Wright, from over-exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for some time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Mælstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

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HIS APPEARANCE FOR THE FIRST TIME
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In the Romantic and Vigorous Indian Tragedy of the same name.
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OR, THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS.
EDWIN FORREST.....as.....METAMORA
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Walter.....Mr. L. R. Shewell
Errington.....Mr. J. G. Burnett
Nahmeokee.....Madame Ponisi
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....Mr. HARVEY B. DODWORTH
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MATILDA HERON
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Nights of performance of
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MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY.
Nights of performance of
MATILDA HERON,
TUESDAY and SATURDAY.
The performance will commence at 7¾; Doors open at 7 o'clock.

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SANFORD,
The Pioneer at building Opera Houses for the express purpose of
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Won the esteem of the Press and Public,
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OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Add Weaver, Duprez & Green, Albert Norton, Geo. C. Dobson, Wm. Kennedy, Chas. Sanford, C. B. Reynolds, Thos. Hanlon, Mrs. C. J. Sharpley, and the Misses Prof. J. H. Siddons, Julia Daly, and Isadora and Victoria Barnes.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec. 1, 1862.

Now is the beginning of the winter of our discontent made gloriously uncertain by our "vigorous prosecution of the war," the high price of paper (greenbacks excepted), and other provisions, and the speculations and peculations going on among contractors, sub-contractors, middle men, and other patriotic and well-meaning citizens. Notwithstanding our trials and tribulations, we still live, and breathe and drink our "old rye" with a fortitude and resigation worthy of better things.

Last week was productive of several novelties, among them a new opera, a new spectacle, and thanksgiving. The latter was the most interesting and enjoyable, owing to the turkey and holiday it gives us. We are all supposed to have spent the day, Thursday, November 27, in giving thanks for blessings received. Some went to church, to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, some to the theatre, some to the minstrel hall; some are supposed to have given thanks for one thing, some for another, and many had no idea, whatever, of any favors *they* had received, for which they should be thankful. The newspaper publisher looked upon thanksgiving day as a waste of time, when white paper is double the price now that it was three months ago; but these chaps, you will say, are *always* groweling, so we'll skip them. If any class of people have cause to rejoice and give thanks, it is our theatrical managers, and other caterers for our amusement. See what a splendid season they have had, thus far. Houses crowded, nightly, "by the *elite* and fashion of the city," composed mostly of tradespeople and the poorer classes of society. Why, our "indefatigable and gentlemanly treasurers" begin to look upon the rush as *too* much of a good thing. They are kept busy *day* and night, and can scarcely find time to worry down a single plate of hash, to say nothing of going the usual rounds of the free lunch rooms. If a free and enlightened patron of the treasurer calls at the box office, and says "How are you, Bob?" or Bill, or whatsoever his name may be, the pressure is so great upon the treasurer from those who *don't* know the treasurer, and who *don't* say "How are you, Bob?" that no doubt many of the "freemen" feel hurt that their kindly salutation is not returned; but the treasurer can't help it. In times like these he is "not himself at all;" in fact, he don't know a friend from a stranger. He hasn't time, even, to take a drink with a friend, for with him business and postage stamps are paramount to hash and peppermint.

Another novelty was the new opera of "Dinorah," a notice of which is given in another paragraph. The opera manager seems to have overflowed with thanks, for he actually gave us a 50 cent show on Thanksgiving night, thus showing his appreciation of the standing and importance of the democracy on holiday occasions. We don't know that he made anything, however, unless the company co-operated, and gave their "invaluable services" at reduced prices. Speaking about 50 cent operatic shows, calls to mind Max Maretzek's experience in low-priced opera, with high-priced operatives. It was in 1855, we think, when Max had the Astor Place Opera House, that a split occurred in his troupe, one half leaving Max, and starting opposition, "on the cheap," at Niblo's Garden. Max tried to keep his head above water at the old prices, but 'twas no go: the aristocracy flew the track, gave their support to the cheap concern, and thereby saved 50 cents per head, equal to the profits on several pounds of codfish or pickled salmon. Max and *his* half of the Italians, seeing that things looked rough, with a tendency to a general cave in, determined to annihilate their rivals, and the admittance fee to the Astor Place Opera House was lowered to *fifty cents!* Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" was produced, and

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everything given on a more liberal scale than usual. Salvi, Bettini, Steffanone, and Bertucca were in the cast, and all for fifty cents. Think of that, now. The result was, that the aristocracy returned to their first love, the democracy fraternized with them, the houses were crowded each night, and although the curtain raised to a packed house, and the journals called it an "immense success," each performance was given at a loss of some four hundred dollars. But the Niblo's Garden tribe were driven from the field in two weeks; they "retired"—that's what it's called now-a-days—to Boston, and soon got to fighting among themselves, having lost all their time, money, and everything else. The victors were no better off than the defeated. They had eaten each other up at 50 cents a head, and Max Maretzak's "splendid triumph" over his rivals, utterly exhausted alike his means and his credit, and after four weeks of "extraordinary business," Max was obliged to succumb, and Donnetti's dogs and monkeys succeeded the other troupe at the Astor Place Opera House. So much for opera on the half shell.

A third novelty of the week was the production of Laura Keene's new fairy spectacle, "Blondette," fully noted elsewhere in this department. It proved a success. Legs and "alabaster bosoms" win, where heads and coat tails lose. We presume the new spectacle will be numbered among the illegitimate. All right. The legitimate would not draw; the illegitimate will; it shows the tastes of the people. Managers keep open house to please the public, and make money. Let legitimate and illegitimate critics carp as they may, the people are the real directors of our amusements, and managers but conform to their desires and tastes; so go on with Blondette—give us the pretty girls, with their pretty understandings, and so forth.

There was a very general squeeze at all places of amusement on Thanksgiving night. Houses that will hold $800 were stretched so as to "take in" $1,000. Hoops suffered many a collapse in the pressure, and tight-booted lovers experienced all the agonies so agonizingly depicted in "Fox's Book of Martyrs." Managers were in their glory, and ordered lunch and wine for all hands. Treasurers found "something over" on footing up their accounts for the day, the result, doubtless, of over anxious young men being in too great a hurry to get good seats for their girls, and not stopping for their change. It was a goodly day, and managers should petition our worthy governor to allow us a chance to give thanks once in every month.

Meyerbeer's opera of "Dinorah" was produced at the Academy of Music for the first time, on Monday, Nov. 24th, on which occasion the house was filled with one of the most brilliant assemblages of the season, a new opera, introducing a new artiste, together with the chance of seeing glorious "Little Mac," who was expected to visit the establishment, having the effect of drawing the most crowded house of Mr. Grau's operatic season. "Le Pardon de Ploermel" is the French name of the opera, "Dinorah" being the title of the Italian translation. The "Pardon" is a religious festival day on which the peasantry make special confession, and obtain absolution, and this is followed by marriage feasts, the "Pardon" being also the great wedding day of the year. The first act introduced the stranger artiste, Mlle. Cordier, who, we do not hesitate to say, is a most charming actress, and a singer, whose merits will be more and more appreciated the oftener she is heard. She is thoroughly French in style, possesses a very pleasing expression of countenance, is rather small in stature, but very graceful in manner. Her voice is only of moderate strength, but so exceedingly flexible from high cultivation, that the charm of her admirable execution made us cease to regret the absence of volume. A more finished singer we have not heard since La Grange was amongst us, and certainly none to surpass her in brilliancy of execution, not even excepting the talented Carlotta Patti, who excels in this respect on this side of the water. The descriptive overture of the opera is one of the most elaborately worked-up compositions of the kind we have ever heard; in fact, it possesses more of the character of the symphonies of the great German masters than of ordinary overtures. The musical scene painting descriptive of the rising storm that interrupts the wedding festivities, is excellent beyond measure. The rush of waters, the howling of the storm, and the confusion and dismay attendant upon such a state of affairs, is admirably set forth by the music of the overture. Strangely enough, its beauties fell upon most unappreciative ears, judging from the faint applause that followed it, but we presume the eagerness to see and hear the *debtante* was partly the cause. A detailed description of the opera is unnecessary, and we therefore give merely a faint outline, which is of the usual style of operatic plots, flimsy and inconsistent throughout. In the first act of the opera, Dinorah appears seeking for her pet goat. She is laboring under a fit of insanity, the result of having been parted from her betrothed in the storm that interrupted her wedding festivities at the Pardon. On the stage is the cottage of "Corentino," a selfish, superstitious bore; and while he is playing on the national instrument of Brittany, a species of bagpipes, she steps in and frightens him, as he supposes her to be an apparition. A delightful duetta succeeds, in which he plays the pipe, and she follows with her voice, her great powers of execution coming into play in a very attractive and praiseworthy manner. She then goes off in search of her goat, and "Hoel" comes in and describes to Corentino the result of an interview he has had with a gipsy, who tells him that a goat will lead him to a place containing a great treasure, but that it will be death to the one that first touches it. Corentino desires the treasure, but not the penalty attached to it; but in the hopes of obtaining it in some way or other, he consents to go in search of it. The scene then changes, and Dinorah is again introduced, and performs the most attractive piece of the opera, the shadow dance, the music of which was a perfect gem in its way. She was heartily encored in this song, and dance, which she executed in brilliant style, her execution of the music and grace of movement in the dancing being perfect. We next have an interview between Corentino, Hoel, and Dinorah, and they finally proceed in search of the treasure, led by the pet goat, who is the first to cross a bridge over a waterfall. In attempting to follow, Dinorah falls into the water and is rescued by Hoel, who then discovers her to be his lost betrothed. When she comes to her senses, she is relieved from insanity, and all that has transpired is told to her as a dream. The finale is the marriage of Hoel and Dinorah, the latter proving to be the treasure he was to find. Such is in brief the plot of this fine opera, the music of which is of such excellence and beauty, that it cannot but grow upon the public ear, until it becomes one of the most popular operas of our too limited department of such choice gems. Of the acting of Amodio and Madame Morensi, in this opera, we have to accord to both high praise, as we have done to the debutante, the attraction, Mdlle. Cordier. Susini also did what little he had to do very creditably, and Brignoli sang the reapers' song effectively, but his acting in the part of Corentino was discreditable to his reputation. Neither in manner or make-up did he seem to comprehend the character at all, his deficiencies being glaringly apparent. Of the orchestral performance we have to speak in the highest terms, and the choruses were well given. There is but little doubt that "Dinorah" will prove one of the great successes of the day in opera.

"Metamora," the last of the Wampanoags, is to be revived this evening, by Mr. Forrest, at Niblo's Garden. Some ten or fifteen years ago this might be called Mr. Forrest's surest card, and whenever it was announced, crowds were sure to be disappointed in getting in the theatre, the house being crowded in a few moments after the opening of the doors; for such was the desire to see this great Indian play, that the street in front of the theatre would oftentimes be thronged at an early hour by those who were determined to "be in time." As this will be Mr. F.'s first appearance in New York in two years as Metamora, there will, in all probability, be a great muster of the admirers of the great tragedian. As Camille continues to meet with favor, Miss Heron will appear in that character on Mr. Forrest's off nights. Probably the largest audience ever assembled within the walls of Niblo's Theatre, were in attendance on Thanksgiving night. The people were wedged in as close as sardines in a box.

There is nothing unusual to record of Wallack's. Old and new comedies take turn about, and some of them give us very fair play.

Stars that never fail to draw are not very difficult to enumerate just now. There are many stars that pay the manager for a week or two, but when they go beyond that time, there is not much to share. Mr. Forrest is among those who can run a season through, almost; and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are not far behind him in that respect, and this fact makes them sought after by managers. Their present engagement at the Winter Garden is progressing very favorably, the desire to witness their performances being unabated. Enough people were turned away on Thanksgiving night to fill another theatre. The beautiful drama of "All Hallow Eve," the charming burlesque of "Prince Doloroso," and most laughable farce of "Barney the Baron," were the attractive pieces last week. This week a change of programme is offered, including the beautiful legendary drama of "Ireland As It Was," the protean piece entitled "In And Out of Place," and roaring farce of the "Happy Man," in which pleasing entertainment the talent of these distinguished artistes has ample scope for display.

Saturday was a bad night for amusements; it rained incessantly, and all places suffered more or less as a natural consequence. Having chosen that night for a visit to the Campbell Minstrels, Palace of Music, Fourteenth street, corner of Sixth Avenue, we went, saw, and herewith give our experience. A worse time couldn't have been selected, yet a choice and appreciative audience had ventured out, notwithstanding the storm, to enjoy the performance of this clever troupe. The arrangements are thus:—Middle Man and Interlocutor, M. C. Campbell, (and such a wig!); Tambo, Ned Davis; Bones, Pic Butler; Balladists, Geo. Gray and H. W. Hill; Tyrolean Warbler, T. Waddee; Jig-Dancer, J. H. Clifford; Wench ditto, Master Eddy, late of Hooley's; Essence, Master Gibbs; in all, there are seventeen performers. The principal cards are Rumsey, Davis, Butler, Clifford, and M. C. Campbell, but all are good for that matter. Of Mr. Rumsey's banjo solo, the least can be said is, that it's "stunnin;" the last time we saw him do the bell-chimes was at the Oxford Saloon, London, and there the excitement created was alarming; to repeat three times they considered a matter of course, and they hadn't enough then—consequently it would be well to see Mr. Rumsey, of the famous Rumsey and Newcombe troupe, on the first opportunity and enjoy a rich treat. The jokes of Ned Davis and Pic Butler (one of the old boys) are nearly all new, pithy, and well-told. Ned's definition of "a coat-tail full of boots" is a tickler, and Pic's playing on the cremona is second to none. That chap that does the essence, though, you ought to go one eye on him; he makes up more like a gorilla even than Brother Spurgeon, and can throw himself round like a rag; "it comes so easy." Geo. Gray is an old favorite in singing ballads. Clifford's heel and toe biz. was very clever, bringing down shouts of applause, particularly when he gave his imitations of rattling—that astonished everybody but himself, and he "done it so nicely" he had to "do it again." The comic acts and burlesques are equally deserving of commendation, and Mr. Campbell has proved himself a clever manager in getting such a talented company around him.

M. Rogers, the sculptor, is said to be engaged on a statute of Edwin Booth, as Hamlet in the Ghost Scene, where he says, "Go on, I'll follow thee!" From the well-known ability of Rogers, great things are expected of him.

Palmo, the originator of Italian opera in this country, and formerly of the Chamber Street Opera House, is engaged as cook at Billy Florence's Saloon on Broadway. Poor Palmo!

We dropped in at Laura Keene's, on Wednesday evening, to see the fairy spectacle called "Blondette," which was produced for the first time on the evening of the 25th ult. The truthful dailies had given us to understand that the "gorgeous scenery." "wonderful mechanical effects," and "brilliant cast of characters," presented in this piece, were of such excellence as to make its production one of the most successful efforts of the kind ever presented in this country. That these remarkably correct and impartial writers had been "seen" to some purpose, in reference to their notices of this spectacle, was plainly apparent to our minds after witnessing the first act; and the result we arrived at, by the time the green curtain fell, was, that a more insipid, unmeaning play, or a greater falling off from the representations made in regard to it, we never saw or knew before. The "gorgeousness" of the scenery is to be noticed principally in the bills; the "wonderful mechanical effects" are only to be observed through the "mind's eye" of notable oyster-house critics, and the "brilliant cast of characters" lay in the fact that every individual, actor or actress, with one or two exceptions, seemed to render their parts in exact accordance with the degree of excellence afforded by the language of the play itself; that is, the insipidity and foggy character of the piece found able representatives of the characters it represented, in the "brilliant" acting of the majority of those cast for the same. We never saw Miss Ione Burke to less advantage, or the talented Miss Taylor more out of her sphere; and the same may be said of nearly all those engaged in it. And yet this piece drew a full house; but how long the *habitues* of the theatre are going to patronize such a trashy production, through the gross misrepresentations of partial critics of the press, we know not; but, if we are not mistaken, the outlay said to be made in getting up this piece will not prove very remunerative. Most of the characters are represented by *ballet* girls, but four or five of the prominent members of Laura Keene's company being in the cast. Miss Keene is not in the piece, nor Mr. Blake, nor Wheatleigh, nor any of the leading people. It's a sort of hashed up affair for the holidays.

The New Bowery is becoming quite famous for the production of new dramas, and some of them are of a very fair order of merit. Every week some fresh spectacle or novelty is introduced, the management never permitting one feature to decline before he has another ready to take its place. And the best of it is, the performances at this house can be enjoyed by all who patronise it, for there is none of that noise and confusion which formerly attended dramatic representations on the east side of town. Mr. Lingard has certainly effected a change for the better in converting the pit into a parquet, and promoting the pitites to the upper circle. The audiences are now of a better class than those which previously attended here; at least, we should judge so from their respectable appearance and quiet demeanor. Ladies can now enjoy an evening at the New Bowery the same as if they were in one of our Broadway establishments. This is what has long been needed, and we are glad to find that Mr. Lingard's efforts to give a good entertainment, and to keep a quiet and respectable establishment, are meeting with deserved encouragement. The pantomime soon to be presented here, is no old affair, newly vamped, but a new and very fine production, by Joseph C. Foster, and has been in preparation for several weeks. When Tony Denier comes out on that stage, he will prove himself the Joey Grimaldi of the present day. The capable company now engaged at the New Bowery enables the proprietor to give every style of dramatic representation in the most artistic excellence.

"Notwithstanding its great success," this evening is announced as the last of the opera of "Dinorah." Considering the "immense expense," and great preparations made in producing this opera, four representations seem rather a short run, don't *you* think so?

W. W. Newcomb, the new comer at Bryants', is already making his mark as a corkonian of the blackest dye. If the house was larger, Newcomb's special acts would contribute muchly towards filling it. As it is, many who try to see the Bryants' have to go away disappointed, unless they go early. There is to be great fun at Mechanics' Hall this week.

Wood's Minstrels drew two immense houses on Thanksgiving day and evening, and throughout the week their business has been excellent. The same promises to be the case this week. The ladies are great admirers of this troupe, and form the major part of the audiences.

Herr Driesbach is in town, and goes to Barnum's.

The "other half" of the opera troupe have been showing at the Brooklyn Academy.

Geo. C. Dobson, the champion banjoist, puts his pupils through at a marvelous rate. See his advertisement.

W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, has all sorts of temptations in the way of play books, photographs, etc. See advertisement.

Annie Hyatt is in town, having left the Pittsburgh Theatre, and is likely to leave the stage, as she has had a fortune left to her. Hope it's all right, and that Annie will not get high at it.

At the Stadt Theatre, on the 3d Dec., we are to have "Othello," with Otto Hoym as Othello, and Mr. Sherer as Iago, Madame Methua Scheller as Desdemona, and Madame Steiglich as Emelia. The performances are for the benefit of Mdme. Steiglich, and a rich treat may be expected.

"The Poacher" was a decided success at the German Opera House, and next we are to have "The Mason and Locksmith." Carl Anschutz takes his first complimentary ben. on the 4th Dec.

R. M. Hooley is walking into the affections of the people of the City of Churches with a vengeance. The way they gave thanks there on Thursday last, because Hooley's famous minstrels had located among them, was a caution to the marines.

DRAMATIC.

The following, from San Francisco, dated 3d Nov., is from "J. M. D.," a correspondent, whom we are glad to welcome again. His views may not be correct, in all cases, but we have no doubt of his statements of facts; and our readers will perceive the benefit of having the various views of different correspondents:—

"DEAR CLIPPER—I have not corresponded with you for the last eighteen months, having been in Mexico, but I have seen you in Mexico. In fact, the *Heraldo* of the city of Mexico has notices from your columns every week; and all the Mexican actors throughout Mexico are posted by you. Now for California. The Metropolitan, with Julia Dean Hayne playing to poor houses; the American gone up the spout; Maguire's Opera House Opera one night, minstrels the off night; opera don't pay expenses, minstrels worse. A party here is trying to put a Miss Lizzy Parker up as a prima donna, but the lady has proved the most miserable failure that has ever appeared on the stage. The lady tried opera at Stockton. During the fair she proved a failure, and the sheriff seized the canvas tent for the printer's bill; nobody was paid one cent. Some of the company had to borrow money to get back to this city. I blame actors more for this failure. Why will they allow outsiders to come into the profession? There are men in this country that have been on the stage three or four years, and they put on their "dig" if their names are not in big letters on the bills. I advise all my brother-professionals not to come to this country; no matter how good they are, they will never see their passage money back again, outside of this city. No theatre is open, and has not been open for a year, only by straggling companies, for one or two nights at a time. Joe Pentland's Circus goes into the Metropolitan this week. Gilbert's Melodeon, under Sherry Corbyn, is doing well with the Worrell Sisters. The Star's Bella Union Melodeon, under Sam Titlow, has been open for the last six years, and has never closed its doors one night during the above period; has a company of twenty-one performers, and is crowded every night. Sam pays the highest salaries in the State, and he gets the best talent that can be found. Some of his performers have been with him five years. Senorita Maria, the celebrated Spanish danseuse, is with him. This little American has just finished an engagement of sixty-five nights, at the Sacramento Theatre, the longest engagement ever played by any artist in that city. She is pronounced by all the leaders of music as the most correct dancer living. She has a correct ear, directs all her own music, knows her own business as well as an old stager, and not eleven years old. The new theatre the workmen have commenced will be too narrow, only thirty-five feet front. It is reported that Leighton, of the American, has the lease. If he don't make it pay better than the American, he will have to 'go where all the good niggers go.' I should say that there are theatres enough in this city without building new ones. Buchanan has gone to the mountains. Last winter he got up a tree. I think this winter he will be treed again. John S. Potter is at Victoria. Business is very bad. John says he cannot get any blackberries up there, but his company can live on clams this winter, as there is plenty on the beach. Mrs. Agatha States, the California prima donna, has a fine voice, and under a good teacher would, in time, make her mark. As this letter is long, I will give you more in my next."

"Bay View," writing from San Francisco on the 4th Nov., sayeth thus:—The coming of the "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," that is, the setting in of the rains of winter, has materially interfered with the prospects of managers, and dampened the prospects of showmen generally. The week has been dull for all concerned. At the Metropolitan Theatre, there has been a good deal of hard work on the part of Manager Tibbetts and his company, yet we fear with meagre returns. To-night John Wilson's Great World Circus inaugurates a season of horse opera with his great combination troupe. By the way, Wilson at his pavilion on Jackson street, has made money for the past two weeks; in fact, he has had the cream of the business...... The circus season at the Metropolitan is to be of one week's duration, and then, it is reported, they leave for foreign climes. ......The Dramatic will resume sway at old prices—one dollar, and fifty cents; the low price experiment has proved a failure. After a week of crowded houses, the attendance was no larger than at old prices. The arrangement with Leighton and company fell through, so the two companies were not united, and the American Theatre has been kept open for one week longer by Manager Leighton. Last night closed the four weeks season by a complimentary benefit to Manager Leighton, at which there was a fine attendance, and to-day the company are off again for the country, commencing at San Jose. The season has been unsuccessful in a pecuniary point of view, but Mr. J. H. Taylor has gradually grown in the estimation of judges of good acting, and may now be ranked as a prime favorite among the really critical. The great mistake was in the management raising the prices of admission when so many places of amusement were open at cheap rates......German Drama at the American, successful as usual......At Maguire's Opera House, owing to an operatic fracas, there has been no operatic representations during the past week. Last night, "Belissario" was performed to a crowded house, and on to-morrow night "Il Trovatore" is to be given, in which Mrs. Agatha States makes her first appearance as Leonora. "Macbeth" and "Lombardi" follow immediately......It is said the negro minstrels lately performing at the Opera House will shortly sail for China, East Indies, &c., with Charley Backus, Billy O'Neil, Joe Taylor, Joe Murphy, and Geo. Coes as principals. It is rumored that at the close of the present opera season, Maguire intends to make extensive and much needed alterations and improvements in his theatre; the house when altered will afford more stage room and additional seating facilities in the auditorium......At the melodeons, nothing new; business about the same as at my last writing; no new faces. Saturday last, McKean Buchanan left with a good company for the interior, including Miss Buchanan, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Sanders; Messrs. Pope, Leeman, Collins, Townshend, &c. They appeared last night at Stockton, and open at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, Nov. 9th......Ada De Vere, a danseuse at Gilbert's Melodeon, takes a benefit to-morrow evening. Madame Biscaccianti, Harry Courtaine, Miss Lotta, Geo. Evans, Walter Bray, Joe Mabett, J. H. Conner, and Miss Flora Bray, her first appearance, assist. No doubt there will be a crowded house. James Stark, the tragedian, is in town, just returned from a successful trip to Washoe. Mrs. W. C. Forbes has been performing at the American during the past week......Mons. Edouard Herman left for the East in last steamer; guess he did not carry back a very large nugget.!....The London Sterioscome is offered for sale by its proprietor, he having completed the tour of the State, and put considerable money in his purse. Morrison is a smart business manager, and always manages to bring the balance on the right side of the sheet......The Pan-tec-ne-thec-a has caved in, boxed up, and put by; it was a losing speculation. Magic lantern shows, with very inferior apparatus and poorly painted pictures, are not up to the time, but relics of the barbaric ages. Bushell, the electrician, is at Stockton, trying to galvanize the camatore people of that burg into something like vitality; hard case for Bushell. The daring horse tamer, Belew, is at Santa Cruz among the mustangs. The pecuniary prospects look particularly b-lue......The horses, tents, properties, etc., of Bartholomew's Circus were sold at Petaluma at auction on the 25th of October. This circus has not made a successful season.

"Sherry Corbyn" cuts it "short" in his last, from San Francisco, on the 1st November, but gives some "pints:"—FRIEND FRANK: Although theatrical news is very scarce, I suppose I must write, if only to let you know that we are still among those which are.

The Italian Opera, which was inaugurated by Maguire with such a flourish of trumpets, bursted up after the third night, and the theatre was once more resigned to the minstrel troupe, who have been playing to a beggarly account of empty boxes, they having had but one good house since my last, and that was occasioned by an extra effort in getting up a complimentary benefit to Miss Lotta, a very clever and popular melodeon performer. Our people do not want a minstrel show.

The Metropolitan has been doing well with their fine stock company and new pieces.

The American is running rather light. The season will close on the 3d, with a complimentary benefit to W. H. Leighton. The stars this week are J. H. Taylor, Mrs. Leighton, and Mrs. Forbes.

Bella Union, always full.

Gilbert's Melodeon.—This comfortable and cozy place of amusement is now in its zenith of popularity.

The Union closed for want of a manager with *back bone*.

McKean Buchanan is about starting on an interior tour, with a first-rate dramatic company.

Platt's New Theatre.—This long talked of establishment is fast approaching completion. It will probably be opened by W. H. Leighton, on or about the 5th of December. In my next I will give you a full description of this new edifice.

From New Orleans we get a ray of light by the kindness of our old Correspondent, "Lexington," who thus writes on the 12th November:—The pressure of the times and occurrences incidental to the rebellion has deprived me of subjects upon which to write, and even now I can hardly expect to have anything of interest to say; but such as it is, here it is. In the absence of "real sport," I shall have to confine myself to theatricals, &c. We have seen nothing of the kind until some two weeks ago, when Miss Cassell opened an excuse for a theatre on Camp street, No. 99, over the Lager Bier Saloon of J. M. Braun, the same being a sort of mutual benefit society of actors and manager........On Saturday, J. Christie's Minstrels opened at the Varieties Theatre, on Gravier street, to a large audience, of which the greater portion were composed of Uncle Sam's boys, who, having been so long deprived of laughing material, enjoyed themselves hugely. Since then the house has been well filled, and lively. Johnny will make it pay. The management notify the public that "no performance is given on Sundays." The talent engaged so far, though large in numbers, are, with one or two exceptions, rather wanting in talent; but better than could have been expected, as he was forced to form the company from such as were in town. I must give the company the credit of doing all they can to please, and well have they succeeded, laboring as they did with the drawback of never having performed with each other, and several having for the occasion been initiated and made acquainted with burnt cork for the first time. The list could be advantageously cropped of at least one-third, without detriment to the public or the pocket of the manager........Although our village is full, so to say, and order is supreme, yet we are deprived of our amusements, and consequently there is little life. Could you not send us a stock for at least one of our theatres? It would pay, and that well. The sight of the CLIPPER, of which I have been so long deprived, was, I can assure you, a pleasing moment. Hoping I shall never again be called on to say the same thing, I close." We are right glad to hear from you once more, and hope there may be no further interruption at either end of the line.—ED. CLIP.

"Now and Then," writing from Pittsburgh on the 26th Nov., says:—The rain storm which remained with us during the last six nights of Mr. Eddy's engagement, commenced to clear away on Sunday, and on Monday evening we had a clear, cold atmosphere, for J. H. Allen's opening at the theatre. His name is connected with the "Peep O' Day" in the minds of our theatre goers, and every one expected to see him introduce himself as the Macarthy, instead of which he had the boldness to announce "Hamlet" for his *rentree*. It was a serious blunder, for many who thought he could act in parts suited to his ability, left the theatre with feelings of disgust for the man who would dare to insult the public by attempting a character about which he knows no more, comparatively speaking, than the merest novice. Mr. Allen introduced a number of new things on the above night that puzzled the audience. Apparently without any reason, he took the liberty of playing Hamlet in a different style from Mr. Murdoch, or any of the learned masters, and made himself appear ridiculous in the eyes of all who saw him. How strange and unaccountable it is, that actors who might make a respectable appearance in a certain range of parts, attempt representations which are actually calculated to drive people away from the theatre. It certainly reveals a pitiful ambition. On Tuesday night "The Macarthy" was first put upon the stage, and attracted a fair audience. It was gotten up in good style, and it appeared to be appreciated, notwithstanding several persons who had seen Mr. Allen's Hamlet, were disposed to grumble and find fault. It is the calculation to run the "Peep O' Day" until Saturday, when Allen leaves, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence commence an engagement, the first in a long number of years. After Allen's miserable counterfeit of the "moody Dane" on Monday, a youthful looking Mr. Jackson Haines appeared amid a scene of ice, and showed those remaining (many had left after Allen's first act) more "high Dutch" on a pair of patent parlor skates than has ever been shown in this town "afore, I know," as old Jno. Probity would say. He skated about ten minutes, and then gracefully retired; for an encore, he gave the various stages of the skater, from the merest tyro to the graceful and skillful expert. His representation of a beginner falling on the ice at your Central Park, "brought down" the house a number of times. Haines is a perfect specimen of a "brick" in his act, and managers would do well to give him a hearing. The pretty Miss Kate Seldon, she with the rich pa-pa, has left us. Miss Kate, as you were informed some time ago, took a short respite from her labors not long since, and last week she appeared and supported Mr. Eddy. She was to have left on Saturday, but was persuaded to remain and play Ophelia on Monday, which she did, and then started East the same evening. I have since learned that her absence from the stage was caused by illness; but, as she looked blooming and healthy as ever on Monday, 'tis to be presumed that it was not indisposition that took her from our city. Although a stranger in our midst, she had made many friends during her short stay at the theatre, and not a few of the junior patrons lament her departure. Whether she has ended her stage career, or whether she intends to play in the East, I know not. All seems to be enveloped in mystery, and diligent inquiry has failed to post me in regard to her future. The same train which conveyed Miss Seldon took another pretty favorite, Miss Annie Hyatt, from the theatre company. This young lady proceeds to your city to take care of a pecuniary interest which has unexpectedly come into her possession. Annie has been with us since the commencement of the season, and was very popular. The management will doubtless be looking around for attraction to fill up this vacancy, and talent should make a note of it......On Thanksgiving afternoon the "Patriot's Dream" is announced, and the house will likely be filled with the younger members of society whose parents are opposed to their visiting the "show shop" by gas-light. The Florences have sent their fancy announced bills in advance, and "big things" are expected from their engagement.

"Seneca," writing from St. Louis on the 25th Nov., thus gives some points in the dramatic line:—Miss Julia Daly continued to draw well all last week at the St. Louis Theatre, and on Saturday night, when Ben De Bar appeared as Tom Tape in "Sketches in India," the house was fairly packed. Miss Daly has become a great favorite here, and will always be certain to meet with a kind reception and good houses......Last night Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway appeared in "The Peep O'Day," its first representation in this city. The audience was the largest of the season, and the play passed off to the evident pleasure of all concerned. Mrs. Conway, as Kathleen, made a strong hit, and acted the part with feeling and judgement; in fine, she made it *the* character of the piece. Mr. Conway, as Harry Kavanagh, added much to the interest and success of the Peep O'Day, as also did Mr. T. L. Conner, in the character of Barney O'Toole, and Mr. Griffith as the Rev. O'Cleary. Mr. Conner has a very good brogue, and in rattling Irish characters has no equal in this city. The scenes of the rescue of Kate Kavanagh, and also the Irish fair, with all its fun and deviltry, were well put on the stage, and the piece was cast to the full strength of the company, with a large accession of auxiliaries. It is repeated to-night and no doubt will have quite a run.

Mr. Eddy succeeded J. Wilkes Booth at the National, Cincinnati, last week.

The sole right to perform "The Three Fast Men," in this country, is now the property of Kate Fisher, so we are informed, who sets out on her travels from Boston on the 4th Dec.

That theatre where (very properly) five dollars each admission is required for "children in arms," the Metropolitan, Buffalo, has been producing Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" with a capital cast, and James H. Hackett as Sir John Falstaff. Mr. Hackett is in fine health, having been trying the sport of fishing in Indiana and Ohio lately, and his laugh is about as contagious as ever—perhaps a little more so from his fine and vigorous health. The cast at the Metropolitan is very good, and gives the Sir John an adequate support. "The Willow Copse" is in rehearsal, and a new piece, "by a gentleman of this (that) city," called "Off To The War."

Charlotte Thompson is doing well with her versions of "Camille" and "Little Fadette" at John Ellsler's Academy of Music, Cleveland.

Our St. Louis correspondent, "Seneca," writing from that city on the 25th Nov., remarks:—From Central City, Colorado Territory, I hear under date of Nov. 8th, that Geo. Harrison's National Theatre is doing well, receipts from $300 to $700 per night. The company is a very good one, as you will see from the enclosed programme; and the style of pieces A. No. 1. The war does not trouble them out there, and business generally is very good.

Robert Jones says it must have been some other Jones that did Hamlet in a pot belly, as noticed in a previous issue of the CLIPPER. Mr. Jones says he has not talent enough for so high a flight; that he never attempted it; and has never been connected with any traveling company, west, east, north, or south, never having been connected with any but first-class theatres, and always officially, not as an actor. So our readers will see that it could not have been Mr. Robert Jones.

The new theatre, in Chestnut above Twelfth street, Philadelphia, begins to assume the fair proportions of a temple of the drama, and workmen are busy, night and day, pushing everything forward, with a view to having the house sufficiently completed to give the opening performance on Christmas eve, or thereabout. There is a good deal of work yet to be done, but when we come to consider with what rapidity our New York theatres are erected, we presume the mechanics of Philadelphia will have the edifice finished at the time the contract calls for. We "looked in" at the unfinished theatre one day last week, and found things pretty well advanced. From what we saw, we believe the new house, in its interior arrangements, will somewhat resemble Laura Keene's theatre, in New York, although we do not think it is as large as the latter house. Like all Philadelphia theatres, this one is front, ground being less valuable in Chestnut street than on Broadway, although bringing a good figure, notwithstanding. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, a few days since, gave a description of the building, its dimensions, auditorium, stage arrangements, etc., etc., which seems to be pretty accurate, according to our own observations, and the information we have received on the subject. The house is now enclosed, and under roof, and the front is receiving the finishing touches, the cornices being put up last week. The dimensions of the new theatre are as follows:—"66 feet front on Chestnut street, with a depth of 150 feet, and the main walls 55½ feet high from the pavement. The front of the first story is of cast iron, and in the upper section there are two Corinthian columns of iron; the others being of brick with Corinthian caps. The cornices and the adornments at the top of the building are also of iron. Under the stage, the cellar has been excavated to the depth of *twenty-one feet!* leaving ample room for the erection of machinery for the proper effect to be given to pieces requiring traps, etc. The main entrance to the theatre is 25 feet wide, with a large, open stairway, nearly completed, to the dress and family circles. The auditorium comprises a spacious parquet, which is entered on the rise of two steps from the street. Above this there is a handsome dress circle, with private and proscenium boxes, surmounted by a family circle. The decorations of the auditorium will be entirely of white, gold, and crimson, and it will be lighted by a splendid chandelier, hung in the centre of the ceiling, which has been made from a new design by Messrs. Cornelius & Baker. It will be in the form of a basket, with crystal drops, and have 66 burners. The chandelier is nine feet in diameter. Under the family circle there will be twelve three-light brackets. The prominent ornaments of the proscenium box fronts, pilastres, caps, wreaths, &c., are to be enriched with gold leaf, and the dome will be frescoed in emblematic groups of figures. The proscenium arch is supported by six pilastres, with ornamented caps and bases. The pilastres themselves are fluted and reeded. The fronts of the private boxes, and the dress-circle front, are to be richly ornamented with leaves, scrolls, &c. A wreathed panel will occupy the centre of the proscenium arch, with a medallion head of Shakespeare in full relief, and two figures holding a scroll in one hand and a wreath in the other. The panels in the arch will be enriched with frescoed and emblematic figures. The stage is 66 feet wide, and 64 feet deep, the curtain opening at the proscenium being 27 feet, with a height of 40 feet. The height and depth of this stage has suggested many improvements, which will be introduced to give better scenic effects in the production of pieces requiring a great number of performers, or large and extensive scenery. Scenes will, when necessary, be *taken up or sunk* at pleasure, whilst the stage is so constructed that *nearly the whole of it can be sunk a considerable depth*. This arrangement is in addition to the usual traps and other contrivances used in producing spectacular pieces. Particular attention has also been paid to the construction of the dressing rooms for the actors. They number sixteen, and are fitted up with counter, shelves, dress-closets, &c., and the rooms for the supernumeraries and ballet girls will be furnished with every requisite to render them fit for the purpose, as well as with a proper regard to danger from fire. A saloon, 60 by 64 feet, will be fitted up under the building, the floor of which is to be of marble, and the furniture to be of the most handsome kind. It is expected from the care that has been taken, that this theatre will be one of the best in the country, so far as light, ventilation and warming are concerned." As we stated in a previous issue of the CLIPPER, Mr. Wheatley has secured a lease of the house, and it is probable that Mr. Edwin Forrest will open it.

"Ned Nutting" is on hand again, and writes thus from Troy, on the 27th Nov.:—This morning I returned from my western trip. Owing to sickness, I could not visit the Buffalo places of amusement. But at Rochester, I visited the theatre. 'Twas last Monday evening. Miss Alice Placide was playing an engagement, which, by the way, closes this week. The play of "Peep o' Day" was played for several evenings, to very good houses. Mr. Meech, the proprietor of the Metropolitan, is an adept, and from appearances, things move finely. Miss Placide acted her part, as usual, in the best style.......The Metropolitan is kept neat and tasty, and if Mr. Meech will allow several of his troupe to procure substitutes, and thus avoid a draft, the *elite* of Rochester, as of old, will think their theatre a respectable place of amusement. James W. Hackett was advertised to play there last Wednesday evening.

Joseph Proctor has produced three new plays since his recent engagement commenced at George Wood's, Cincinnati. "Adelchi, or The Last of the Lombards," was the latest, following "Ambition" and "The Corsair."

Mr. G. A. Hough's dramatic company is at Oswego. Miss Fanny B. Price and Mr. D. Hanchett are the stars. They opened on the 18th in "Love's Sacrifice." On the 26th they appeared in "Camille."

Mary Provost intends to gratify our Providence audiences, before going on to Washington as previously announced. This versatile actress will appear at the Academy of Music, Providedce, R. I., on the 8th Dec., gladdening the heart of Manager John C. Myers for two weeks, after which Washington audiences may expect her about the 22d. See advertisement.

The success of "Peep o' Day" and the Conways at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, has been decisive and increasing. With an excellent stock company, and the splendid scenery painted by W. T. Porter, Messrs. Pike & Jones seem to have made "the break of morn" bright and happy. F. S. Chanfrau is now at Pike's, and doing his "Bull Run" feats with great applause; but, we understand that "Peep o' Day" will soon be restored, although the Conways may not be on hand to share in the efforts and the glories.

Manager Wheatley opens the Boston Theatre on the 22d Dec., with Edwin Forrest as the leading star. Among the company already engaged are Messrs. John McCullough, L. R. Shewell, J. G. Burnett, J. W. Collier, J. Martin, G. Becks, E. Lamb, C. Kingsland, T. E. Morris, J. Canoll, Page, Carland, Post, Germon, and Ward, with Mesdames Ponisi, J. H. Allen, J. R. Scott, Josephine Henry, Mary Wells, etc.

"Magnolia," at the Boston Museum, is one of those cards which retain the stage "until further notice," like William Warren and Kate Reignolds, the honest Yankee and graceful heroine, in this very fine and effective piece. Manager Keach is always wide-awake in his line of biz.

The fearless Adah Isaacs Menken, who was to have terminated her engagement on the 26th ult., has, we are pleased to learn, been re-engaged by Manager Kunkel, of the Front Street Theatre Baltimore, and enters on her fourth week this (Monday) evening, It turns out as everybody expected; all Baltimore is on the rampage to see Miss Adah do the "Mazeppa" business. Not only do the press assert that crowds have been turned away every night of its rendition, but all our correspondents from that quarter "say so too." Such testimony is incontrovertible. It was in like manner at Cincinnati, and no better criterion is required than the way biz. fell off there during the week of Miss Menken's indisposition, and sprang up on her re-appearance. This we know to be so. All last week Adah performed "Mazeppa," and twice on Thanksgiving Day, amid the wildest kind of excitement, and such bursts of applause as have seldom before been heard within the walls of the Old Front. Our namesake of Baltimore says that "on the first night the audience became so excited that nearly every person rose to their feet, cheering and swinging round their hats, almost frantic." High old times those. Miss Menken was called before the curtain every night, and the applause continues as boisterous and fresh as ever. "Mazeppa" will be repeated this week by general request.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport are still at the Walnut, Philadelphia, where they are doing a very fair business. We looked in on the 26th, the bill being "The Wife," and "Wallace, the Hero of Scotland," Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, however, not appearing in the latter piece. The house was well filled, and the entertainment seemed to please. The orchestra gave some very fine music, and, in one or two instances, applause followed their performances. This evening a new historical play is announced, its first production on the American stage. It is called "Columbus; or, The Discovery of America," and has been translated from the French by Mr. Barton Hill. It is in *six parts*.

Mrs. (Laura Honey) Stevenson has been engaged for a third week, by Manager Linden, at Toronto.

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, see Page 267.

TYRONE POWER.

THE following lines were written on board the ship Algonquin, Captain Cheney, while in the Bay of Delaware, June 21, 1835, by the celebrated and popular actor, Tyrone Power:

ADIEU, Columbia! I have mark'd thee well,
Nor yet forever do I leave thee now,
And busy thoughts of thee my bosom swell,
And thronging recollections load my brow;
Ive pierced from north to south thy eternal woods,
Have dream'd in fair St. Lawrence, sweetest isle,
Have breasted Mississippi's hundred floods,
And woo'd on Alleghany's top, Aurora's smile.

And now we part! the ship is flying fast,
Her pathway deck'd with whirling wreaths of foam,
And all the swelling sails that bend each mast,
Obey the flag, which flattering points to "Home!"
Home! home! that tender word let me retrace,
And bid each letter conjure o'er the sea
Some cherished wish, and every well loved face,
To banish thoughts of those from whom I flee.

Yet shame I not to bear an o'er full heart,
Nor blush to turn behind my tearful eyes;
'Tis from no strange land I now depart,
'Tis to no strangers left, I yield these sighs.
Welcome and home were mine within the land
Whose sons I leave, whose fading shore I see;
And cold must be my eyes, and heart and hand,
When, fair Columbia! they turn cold to thee.

SHANGHAI.—"FIGHTING DICK."

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED BATTLES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

One Saturday night, on a bleak, dreary, November day, a few years ago, a well-known tavern in this city was comfortably filled with a convivial and social gathering. Wreaths of smoke were curling and making their ascent to the ceiling, and large and copious tumblers of hot punch were steaming and actuating the jovial participants to a vigorous discussion of the various subjects under consideration.

Many and various were the questions set forth—as many and various were the views and opinions entertained and expressed by those surrounding the festive board. Politics, the weather, sporting matters, and all the absorbing questions of the day, were freely discussed, until the large and spacious apartment in which those "peoples" were seated, became a scene of unabated and tumultuous argument.

It was a social and a happy gathering. The week's work was finished, and those hard-fisted sons of toil had convened in happy, light-hearted little groups, to talk over the events of the week, and to invest a few of their "spondulics" in the "flowing bowl."

The writer, with one of the most genial and generous spirits in the crowd, occupied a side table, and were discussing the merits of a "smiling little cruiskeen lawn," when a pair of well-known "free and easy" looking gents entered the room, and took up a position at the table next to us.

The affable and rosy "John" of the establishment having furnished their order, they soon put their pipes in tune, and gave us a little of the kind of music we most delighted to hear. Notwithstanding the conversational storm already prevailing in the room, we were in such close proximity to the "individs." above named, that their piping became quite distinct, and enabled us to get hold of the thread of the narrative which we are about to relate. "Light-pipes" being the order, sport became the theme, and one of our neighbors, leaning himself back leisurely and comfortably in his arm-chair, and taking a long draught from his tumbler of crystal "Lochnigar," opened the narrative in this manner—

"Now, Jake, I'll tell you what I think about the matter. You've been talking to me for the last fifteen minutes about fighting cocks. I guess I've seen as much of that kind of sport myself as any man in the town. For fifteen years there was not a main fought in England that I did not witness, if there was any earthly possibility of reaching it. During seven other years, there was not a respectable cock fight in Ireland that I was not present at. I have been from my boyhood given to sport, and as every admirer of it has his favorite kind, I admire a set-to between a pair of well-trained, well-conditioned game birds more than any other sporting exhibition I ever witnessed. Just tell me what is like it?"

"Easy enough, Tom," replied Jake Summers. "For instance, Flora Temple and Princess swinging into the homestretch. Horse racing, when it is gotten up on *bona fide* and square grounds, is the finest and most excitable sport in the world."

"I admit that," retorted Jake. "If it was conducted on fair and honest principles, it would be undoubtedly fine and interesting sport; but that popular recreation has been so contaminated of late years by horse jockies, three-card monte men, and individuals of a similar ilk, that you cannot place any confidence now in anything they say or do."

"True enough," said Jake, "I know 'the track' has been badly abused, but horse-racing, as I mean it, is no less interesting, notwithstanding. I mean a race where principle and honor is the stake, and not a hippodrome purse, when it is understood before the start which horse wins the money."

Tom Foster, imbibing a fresh swig, turned intently to his friend, and said: "Very well; you stick to your opinion, Bill, I will to mine. But if you listen to me a few minutes, I'll tell you about one of the most remarkable birds you ever saw or heard of in your life."

"That's a go," exclaimed Jake Summers. "Go ahead."

"Well, you recollect when I was on the police force in the Sixth Ward, some ten years ago."

"I guess I do. You saved me a little trouble then," responded his friend.

"Well, never mind that," responded the speaker. "At the time of which I speak, there was a youngster living in Leonard street, and his predominating passion was a love for fowls. I have sat at the window for hours and hours, and watched that boy feeding a chicken or pet pigeon. He had the largest amount of pluck and the strongest ambition of becoming a genuine sport within him I have ever known in one so young.

"This youngster's name was Joe Gorman. At the time I speak of he could not have been possibly more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. Nothing five years older of his kind could scare him. He was, although quite a little boy, stoutly built, had a remarkable use of his mawlies, and was full of fight.

"Well, Jake, this boy raised the best rooster I have ever seen. I took an interest in the young fellow, perhaps, because he was one of my own stamp. If he could find out where he could, by fighting, capture, or otherwise, get hold of a full-blooded pup or game bird, he would go to his neck in the sea to obtain it.

"One day, sitting at the window smoking a cigar, being off duty, I was carelessly looking out into the yard, when I saw the boy coming in holding a pair of eggs in his hands, and taking a step-ladder, climbed up a little distance, and placed them beneath a hen who had been for weeks longing for the consolation and comforts of a comfortable nest, and a growing family.

"The result of this hatching was two birds of the Shanghai tribe. They were treasured and reared by the family—"

"Excuse me, Tom," interrupted Jake, "but I want the goblets replenished."

"Bully for you, Jake," replied Tom. "But I'd like to take small change for those big words you gave me that time. What was it?—I want the giblents reburnished?"

"No, thank you, Tom; you understand what I said as well as I do."

"For God's sake, listen to my story," resumed Tom Foster. "I was going to give you a little sporting anecdote, and you won't listen to it with patience. Now, fill your pipe, and if you speak another word until I finish this little story, I'll vote for your expulsion from the Zimbuctoo Amelioration Society next week."

"Anything before that," said his social friend, and the dialogue progressed.

"Although those birds," resumed Tom, "flocked together, they were not of a feather, by a long shot. One was white and the other was red. Red Dick—'Fighting Dick'—was the rooster I speak of. He was not a thorough game, but a cross or mixture between a real game cock and a Shanghai pullet. Many a time I sat admiring the kindness of that growing boy feeding that rooster from his hand, and afterwards teazing him with a stocking full of feathers, or some other soft substance, until he made him one of the most vicious and unconquerable cocks I ever saw in my life.

"Red Dick, like many of our leading pugilists, was at first quietly disposed. 'He never done nothin' to nobody' until he was provoked, and promised to become a very quiet and law-abiding member of the feathered tribe. This promise he did not, however, carry out, for he commenced his pugilistic career by making an indiscriminate raid upon rag men entering the yard, and seemed to entertain a particular animosity towards those New York *chiffoniers*.

"The trainer of 'Red Dick' grew rapidly, and was known to be as good blood as his pet and bantling. They were, sure enough, a pair that was hard to be whipped.

"Bantams, game cocks, with and without spurs, from near and far, were brought to pull his nobles down, but it was all to no purpose. In the course of the contest, if Dick was roughly handled or abused, the trainer, Joe, had his hands up, and I never knew a case where the two roosters didn't get the best of it. An amateur sport named Monkey Felix, or Felix Monkey—I declare I don't remember which—who, unfortunately, did not have his eye-teeth cut, experienced this fact to his sorrow.

"No one could enter the yard without Red Dick had jumped into his face, and more than a dozen times he had laid out a small boy or girl. One day, particularly, a young stalwart negro living in the street, came to do battle with Dick; and his trainer being absent, the rooster had no defender or second. Dick was not intimidated, but with a bold dash, planted his wings on the negro's arms and his beak in his eye, and sent him out of the premises a blind and disabled moke."

"He was a singular bird," exclaimed Jake Summers.

"He was the hero of a hundred of the finest contests I ever saw," resumed the narrator. "That Shanghai could not be whipped. He was young, strong, powerful, and full of fight. Some of the prettiest fighting cocks I ever saw, tried him, but they could never resist two strokes of Dick's wings. His trainer was always with him in his contests, and when Dick was 'banked' or wronged, Joe sailed in.

"But, Jake, they both have fought their last battle at last, as the song says, and laid down their lives together.

"A short time after Dick arrived in his prime, and was in splendid condition, there was a main fought in Troy, and Joe Gorman was advised by his friends to take 'Fighting Dick' and match him against anything of his size or weight that wore spurs. Joe, being naturally given to that kind of sport, readily consented. A well-known Alderman of the ward offered to bet a thousand dollars on 'Fighting Dick,' as they called him.

"Off to Troy went the party. There were as many wishes for the Shanghai's success as there were for Yankee Sullivan "one of those days." The trainer and owner was sanguine of his victory; for, as the boys said, he never backed down from a man, much less a rooster. But Joe was prepared for emergencies, and determined in the face of all opposition that his bird should have fair play.

"'Red Dick' was matched against one of the biggest bloods of Troy, and the bets being in favor of the game cock, the fighting Shanghai had to take a back seat for a few moments. But, I tell you, it only required a very short time to alter the opinion of the lookers-on. Joe held up his darling Dick gently, smoothed his neck, and this man-fighter commenced immediately chuckling defiance at his antagonist.

"The contestants were dropped, and one of the grandest fights, I believe, that ever came off in a cock-pit, ensued. In a second Dick gained the first knock-down, after which the betting took a sudden change, and cheers went up from the little party on the New York bird's side. They had only met each other three times, when the Troy fighter lay fainting in the saw-dust, his left wing broken, and his right eye knocked clean out of his head. Of course his success was hopeless, Dick slapping his wings with all his might and crowing over his fallen foe. Another round and the Troy rooster would have been 'a dead cock in the pit.' But the sports who backed him were too treacherous for the poor New York stranger, and rather than lose the fight and honorably earned money, they concluded to commit one of those acts which is a disgrace to all genuine sporting men, and brings contempt and derision upon any species of sport in which they are practised. Just as Dick was approaching the fallen hero to give him the finishing stroke, a sharp report was heard, and the gallant and unconquerable 'Fighting Dick' fell dead in the pit. A murmur of mingled pity and disgust ran through the entire gathering. But Dick was avenged, for Joe Gorman having discovered the assassin in the act of firing the pistol, walked over to him coolly, and sheathed a dirk knife in his side. Then the ball was up. A fearful fight ensued, and although the exasperated and grief-stricken Joe fought with more desperation and evil effect than the entire number who accompanied him and took his part, he and his friends were overpowered, and he received injuries from which he never recovered. Poor, brave young fellow, he was removed to an hospital where he shortly died; not, however, until he heard that his victim was laid in the grave from the effect of that fatal stab.

"Well, you see, Jake, here was sacrificed the lives of a brave, undaunted young man, and one of the highest-blooded and best fighting cocks I ever knew, besides the peace and happiness of a fine family.

"There is no use in talking to me about fighting cocks while I remember 'Fighting Red Dick.'"

AGED EAGLES.—The Girard (Pa.) *Union* gives the following interesting account of a couple of old eagles, their troubles and their constancy. It says:—"Sixty years ago, when the township was first settled, a pair of eagles, the white-headed or bald species, had a nest in a tall tree on the farm of Mr. Kelly. They were not disturbed, and for twenty years they occupied the nest, annually rearing and sending forth a brood of eagles, when a violent storm overturned the tree, and of course destroyed their habitation. They then rebuilt their airy house on a lofty and inaccessible sycamore, on the farm of Richard Pettibone, adjoining Mr. Kelly's, and enjoyed perfect happiness for forty years longer, raising to eaglehood two or three chicks yearly. A few weeks ago a high wind wrenched off a limb containing the nest, and threw it on the ground with such energy that it was torn to atoms, and a very young and very bald eagle killed. The nest was very large, being made of about ten bushels of sticks and leaves. This aged and persevering couple are now making a third nest on another sycamore near the one lately destroyed. How old these birds are is not known, but that they are the same pair found there by the earliest settlers, there is no doubt. They are so familiar with the presence of men, that they can be approached within a few feet; and their great age, constancy and friendliness, have given them the respect of the neighbors, who would turn out *en masse* and mob the unlucky sport who should attempt to shoot or despoil this royal family."

PIG LEAD.—They are getting up a new style of hogs out West. The inventor thinks that by giving them pewter with their corn, he can raise pig-lead from them. Time must determine.

THE STAGE AND PEERAGE.

"Nearly are allied,
A thin partition do the two divide."

The famous Earl of Petersborough, in the year 1715, married the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, a songstress on the London stage. Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, married January the 8th, 1739, to John Beard, a singer at Covent Garden Theatre. Susannah Sarah Louisa Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Illchestef, married, in the year 1764, to William O'Brian, an actor on the London stage.

Miss Harriet Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, as Lydia Languish, in Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals," January 31, 1795. She retired from the stage, after having performed the part of Aubry, in "As You Like It," at Drury Lane Theatre, February, 7, 1815. On the 8th of January previous, she married the Duke of St. Albans, then in the 27th year of his age. She died August 6th, 1836.

Miss Louisa Brunton, Countess of Craven, made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, as Lady Townley, in the comedy of the "Provoked Husband," October 5, 1803, and retired from the stage May 26th, 1808.

Miss Bolton, afterwards Lady Thurlow, made her first appearance as Polly, in the "Beggars' Opera," October 8th, 1806.

Miss Catharine Stephens, Countess of Essex, made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, as Mandane, in Dr. Arne's opera of "Artaxerxes," in September, 1813.

Lord William Lennox married Miss Paton, of the London stage, divorced, 1830.

Miss Lavina Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, made her first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1726, as Monimia, in Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan," she being then eighteen years of age. In 1727 "The Beggar's Opera" was first produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, when she was the representative of Polly. In 1729 she retired from the stage. She died in 1760, aged 52.

Miss Maria Foote, Countess of Harrington, made her first appearance at the Covent Garden Theatre, as Amanthis, in Mrs. Inchbald's petit comedy of "The Child of Nature," in June, 1814. She became Lady Harrington, April 7, 1831.

DOG DIGNITY.—Sir Walter Scott declares that he could believe anything sagacious of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiocracies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself for a sporting excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ear, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face; but after a pause, shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day.

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